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"THOU SHALT KNOW HEREFTER."

By MISS A. C. SCAMMELL.

So, heart, you can wait with patience
And with joy the coming day,
Since Jesus knows "why," and will tell
You.

In His own sweet way,
How the lights that He took from your
dwelling

Shine glorious above,
While you cried, God was working your
tears

Into pearls of His love.

O hands, that are tired, so tired
Of doing a thankless task,
Of trying to reach and trying to hold
What struggles to free from your grasp!

By and by you shall clasp it in joy,
When Jesus shall come,
And say, "the dear work of thy hands
Thy kingdom has won."

O feet, ever sandaled, and eager
To run at His call,
But waiting with trustful patience
Till the night shadows fall,

And no word has come from the Master,
Wait still at His gate.

One day you shall know how you serve
Him—
The willing to wait.

O, think not our God has forgotten;
He has loved us too long;
He will answer our wondering questions
To listen to all our unfoldings

Of the great, all-wonderful way
By which He is saving and leading;
And saying to-day.

WHAT DOES THE HOLY SPIRIT DO?

By REV. S. R. DENNEN, D. D.

We have this ever-present Agent in
the great work of redemption—what
does He do? Without attempting any
exhaustive analysis, I mention two
particulars, in which His agency is both
visible and invaluable:

1. First, upon man himself. There is
so much in the structure of Biblical
language and expression that is simi-
lar, when describing the office and
operations of the Spirit and Christ, that
we readily infer the co-ordinate and
close relation they bear to each other.

Christ withdrew in person, lest the
faith of His disciples should be in their
eyes instead of their hearts. The in-
visible Comforter comes down to fill
the vacant place, and finish the sublime
work. This work, in one direction, is
upon the soul itself. He lights upon
our faculties as Spring upon the frozen
earth and leafless trees. It is not a
change easy to describe when the Al-
mighty Renewer enters and regener-
ates a man, going all through and over
him, room after room, cleansing every
apartment, making over anew the very
substance of the soul, and irradiating
it with joy, and filling it with peace.

Archbishop Leighton says, "many a
poor, unlettered Christian far outstrips
your school rabbin in this attainment,
because it is not taught in these lower
academies." I recall a coarse, igno-
rant man, who seemed to have received
new faculties at the second birth. The
Spirit dwells so richly in some per-
sons as to seem a second and better
self. What is special, in such cases,
may be universal; the Spirit is not
straitened, but uniformly generous,
under like conditions in the subject.

We can have all of His aid we are
prepared to receive and use. Our failure
to have as complete endowment of the
Holy Ghost, for our day and needs, as
Peter and the Eleven had at Pentecost,
is due to our weak faith and partial
conversion. Barnabas was an unlet-
tered layman, not at all able or pro-
fessing—no orator, like Apollonius—
no logician, like Paul—no seer, like
John; but a simple, modest, earnest
man. He had, however, two very re-
markable excellences—a good man, and
full of the Holy Ghost.

Such a man—I care not who he is;
Barnabas at Antioch, Mr. Moody in
Scotland, Philip Weaver in London—
is a very magazine of power and per-
suasion. Given, these two factors, and
many wonderful works will show forth
themselves, not only at Antioch, but
anywhere on God's footstool. The pre-
vailing fact to-day is, that neither the

one nor the other of these co-efficients
of great success meet in most of us.

After a long experience and observa-
tion, I have come to this conclusion—
one I am confirmed in every year:

that, if we cannot work and talk, hav-
ing nothing to say or do for the great
salvation, it is barrenness, and not
modesty, that paralyzes us. No true
man can go beyond his own inner life;
he can neither talk nor pray nor act
beyond and better than his own con-
scious experience. Every disciple re-
ceives, then, something by way of cap-
ital from his Creator—one, two, or five
talents; God knows how much; He
keeps the loan-book, to be employed in
His service. These talents we can im-
prove, and gain other five talents by
education and culture.

Over and above these, however, He
gives the Comforter to him that asks
for Him, to reorganize, illumine, wake
up and strengthen his native parts—
without measure, all he will have and
use. To the extent we will empty our-
selves, He will fill us with all His
stimulating and exciting influences.

2. A second point the Spirit touches,
is the truth itself, pouring His light
upon all the grand range of spiritual
themes, as the sunrise sets aflame the
snow peaks of Yungfrau and Elger.

To how many persons, scientists and
scholars, men of vast learning, do the
lessons about Christ and His redemp-
tive work, as also His presence in his-
tory and His kingdom among men,
rising and advancing from the day of
Pentecost until this hour, marching
down the centuries, seem insoluble
riddles—so absurd, so irrational, so
contrary to all their methods of inves-
tigation, as to be utterly incredible?

The perillous of Tyndall, on prayer
and the capabilities of matter, are as
conspicuous and ridiculous a monu-
ment of his ignorance of one great
realm of truth, as his lectures on heat
and glaciers are of his splendid genius
and knowledge in other and inferior
realms.

But these facts are in the world.
Christ and His Church are not myths,
but as palpable as the glaciers, and as
glorious as the sun. They can never be
understood and mastered until the soul
is first irradiated by the Spirit, and then
these truths themselves made clear by
the same divine Exegete. Peter and
James and John understood very little
about Christ or His kingdom until they
came under the handling of the Spirit,
and were endued from on high. Then
they fathomed the mystery, "cur Deus
homo;" then they had a story to tell,
and a powerful message to deliver.

The same endowment is both possi-
ble and actual now; the Spirit plays
the same double part, flooding and
rousing the mind, and pouring a sim-
ple, clear, exegetical light upon the
truth itself. We read our Bibles from
childhood, and they either make no
impression at all upon us, or they be-
wilder us with things too hard to be
understood. We are as familiar with
chapter and verse as with the houses
on the street that leads to our homes.

We read mechanically. All at once
these twice told tales arrest our atten-
tion, while a new meaning starts from
their familiar words. Light suddenly
shines underneath each page, and
streams forth from the spaces between
letters and verses, and all seems clear
and glorious to our awakened minds.

This was my own case. A reader of
my Bible from boyhood, I stood before
it just as I stood before some of those
grand cathedrals of York, or Milan, or
Cologne. It had no special charm to
me, save its venerableness, which I
reverenced as I did those old medieval
structures. The day came when both
my mind and my Bible were changed.
It was as though one of those old struc-
tures—St. Peter's—was suddenly illu-
minated. The light comes streaming
through the rich windows and open
doors, revealing the grand arch or
dome, column and chapel, altar and pic-
tures and votive offerings. So, when the
Spirit touched my soul, and lighted up
my Bible, I recall place and time and
thrilling sensations. So He takes of
the things of Christ and shows them
unto us.

This light, moreover, falls upon all
classes of truths. It has become quite
the fashion to pass silently over the
severe class; but they stand side by
side in the same Bible—sometimes
braided into a single verse. Believe
and preach as we may, they are both
the instruments of the Spirit, and both
influence the human mind. To secure
the full, precious endowment of the
Comforter, we must accept and use the
full circle of inspired truth—the wrath
of the Lamb as really, if less frequent-
ly, as the love of the Lamb; the "woe
unto thee, Chorazin and Bethsaida,"
"Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites," as
truly as "come unto Me." They are
members of the same equation; you
cannot eliminate the one without de-
stroying the proportion and power of
the whole.

But times have changed. God is the
same. But people are more cultured
and refined, and these severe truths

grate harshly on musical ears. God is
also refined. He looks upon sin of one
class as of another, and loathes it alike.

Cultured iniquity, elegant and per-
fumed lust, dishonor in high places,
are just as offensive to Him as the raw
material. He is well able to see what
is under the frosting of society, and
taste the original and hateful flavor of
sinful conduct, however spiced with
the extracts of this blossoming century.

What the Spirit inspires, the Spirit
uses. "Sanctify them through Thy
truth"—all truth; the whole round
sphere of revealed doctrines; penalty
and pardon.

We are at the threshold of a new cam-
paign. The signs of the times are full
of promise. It seems to me that men
are much better prepared to receive
the Gospel than the Church is to give
it. Our Churches must enter at once
on a thorough personal work of self-
examination and rededication to Christ,
as preliminary to a season of revival—
such a work of discipline and drill as
the German army undertook before the
Franco-Prussian war. Our own souls
must be cleansed, sweetened and vital-
ized, and our minds have a clearer,
firmer grasp of the truth; Christ must
enter more deeply and pervasively into
our thoughts and experience. In all
this work of drill and inspiration the
Holy Spirit is our Teacher and Guide.
Come! oh Spirit divine, into our souls
and Churches, in great power once
more.

ACROSS THE SEA.

LEIPZIG, Aug. 14, 1874.

Sea voyages, I imagine, are all about
alike. There is always about the same
number of seasick wretches, besides the
inevitable individual who "is only a
little bilious;" "subject to these at-
tacks, sir, on land." There is always
the same "traveled man," who has
crossed twenty-four times, and who tells
you that "the arrangements on the ship
are very defective—not to be compared
with those on the 'City of Jerusalem,'
in which I went over last year, or 'the
Tiger Lily,' in which I took a run up to
the North Pole, last summer." If you
venture to make a suggestion, to the
effect that it is a little rough, he will
crush you with a look of the most su-
preme contempt, and go into a descrip-
tion of the gale in which he weathered
the Cape. And the climax is reached
when you attempt to air a little of your
guide-book wisdom about some particu-
lar place. You may imagine that you
have crammed that subject pretty well;
you may think that Murray and Baedeker
know something about it; but
you unto you if you say so. The
"traveled man" will inform you that
such ideas as those must have been
gathered from mere superficial observa-
tion; the facts in the case, however, are
entirely different. You may attempt to
circumvent him by romancing a little
about the interior of Africa; but, bless
you, he lived there for two years! And
if you try Asia, you will come off no
better. The only safe course is to ad-
mit your utter ignorance of anything
and everything. That, I believe, is the
only proposition which he will not deny.

The next time you come to Europe,
come by a German steamer. You get
so much more ride for your money;
and then it is such fun to talk to the
waiters in German. To be sure, they
won't understand you; but then they
will talk back to you, or rather at you,
in the same melodious tongue; and that
makes the conversation exceedingly full
of interest.

I never realized before how wonder-
fully uninteresting the scenery is be-
tween Hamburg and New York. T, and
myself concluded, one day, that we
would vary the monotony by going up
the shrouds, thinking we would have a
more extended view. We did; and it
was so extended that we concluded to
stay there—some time. Perhaps an un-
informed observer might have thought
that the sailors who came up and tied
us there, had something to do with it;
but it didn't. We wanted to stay there!

Another thing I never realized, is the
distance between Plymouth and Ham-
burg. It doesn't look very far on the
map; but after we had seen firm land
it was very hard indeed to wait so long
before going ashore? Cherbourg was
another aggravation. We arrived there
at night, and the tug which was to meet
us and take the passengers ashore,
passed us in the harbor without seeing
us at all; and so we elapsed around the
harbor for about an hour, each trying
to find the other. It gave the passen-
gers an excellent opportunity of seeing
the fortifications, by means of which
Napoleon made Cherbourg so famous;
but when we did find that tug, the
amount of pure German and French that
was wasted in swearing between the
two captains, would have grieved the
hearts of the brothers German.

Finally we reached Hamburg. We
came up the Elbe in the early morn-
ing, and the clear, cool air added to the
enjoyment of the scene. The shore is
for the most part, without in-
terest; but as we went on, the hills
grew larger, and little villages like

gan to appear, here and there, amid
the green fields and patches of wood-
land. We spent several days in Ham-
burg, which is a free city, so that no cus-
tom-house officials demanded the keys
to our trunks, and is really a very beau-
tiful place; but it contains little or
nothing to interest the traveler. Its
Zoological Garden is very large, and is
laid out with great care and good
taste.

Thence we started for Copenhagen,
and at Altona, which is on the border
between Hamburg and Prussia, all
baggage was examined; but on show-
ing our tickets to Copenhagen our bag-
gage was passed, without even the for-
mality of demanding our keys. Thence
by rail we went to Kiel, and then by
steamer to Kopenhagen, on the coast of Den-
mark. Here again custom-house offi-
cials appeared, and here too the evi-
dently innocent appearance of the party
made the examination a mere form,
since not one of our numerous bags
and bundles was opened. After a de-
lightful railroad ride of a few hours,
we reached Copenhagen, and were
driven to the *Kongen af Danmark* hotel,
which is pleasantly situated, and, Baedeker
to the contrary notwithstanding,
far better than any other in the city.

Of course our greatest anxiety was to see
Thorwaldsen's Museum, where, either
in casts or originals, all the works of
the great sculptor are preserved. Cop-
enhagen is very proud of her master-
artist, and his genius has adorned the
whole city. What seemed to me his
greatest, though not perhaps his most
noted works, Christ and the Twelve
Apostles, are represented in the Mus-
eum by casts, the originals being depos-
ited in one of the churches in Copen-
hagen. In the court yard of the
Museum, which is built in the form of
a hollow square, covered with ivy, and
surrounded by a granite frame, is the
tomb of the great artist. No sculptured
slab, no towering pillar marks his rest-
ing place; his works are his monu-
ment; his fame is his epitaph. Here
we saw those famous bas-reliefs,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter;
the lion dying on the royal shield of
France, which is a model for the colos-
sal relief hewn in the rock near Lu-
erne, in memory of the Swiss who fell
in the revolt in Paris; and the model
for the great monument to Plutarch in
St. Peter's church at Rome.

Of course I cannot give you even an
outline of the wonders of the Museum;
suffice it to say that a view of this alone
amply repaid us for our journey to the
capital of Denmark. The city is full
of quaint old buildings, among which
two, the Exchange and the Church of
the Redeemer, are particularly notice-
able. The former was built in 1613, I
believe, and is a long, low building,
with a spire formed by the intertwined
tails of sea monsters, whose heads,
resting on the roof, grin horribly at their
surroundings. The church has a wind-
ing stairway upon the exterior of its
steeples, from which there is a very ex-
tensive view of the city and suburbs.

We found a church, very near to the
hotel, which contained some exquisitely
beautiful wood carving. A gentleman
whom we met, and whose travels in
Europe have been very extensive, spoke
of it as being very superior to anything
he had ever seen. The limits of this
letter forbid any description of the
Picture Gallery, which contains only
modern works; the Museum of North-
ern Antiquities, which is the only thing
of the kind in Europe; the old palaces,
the royal deer park, containing five
hundred deer, and the many delightful
drives and walks which make Copen-
hagen well worth visiting.

The Tivoli, however, I must tell you
something about. It is a large garden,
and contains amusements of every pos-
sible kind; a theatre, an opera house,
a concert hall, an apparatus for gymnas-
tic performances, and various less pre-
tending arrangements. The whole is
lighted by many colored lamps, and laid
out with lakes, walks, fountains, and
statues. In this Tivoli, as everywhere,
there are restaurants, and the whole
thing is one stupendous beer-garden.

Men, women, and children sit down in
the concert hall, and drink beer; or
they sit outside, in the cool garden, and
drink beer; or they go to the theatre,
and drink beer. We left Copenhagen
with some regret, not on account of the
beer, however, and took the railway for
Helsingör, where we saw "the plat-
form of the castle of Elsinore," where
the ghost of Hamlet's late lamented
father appeared to his son. The young
woman who does the honors of the cas-
tle speaks excellent Danish, I doubt
not, but very little of anything else;
and adding to this the fact that she is
extremely deaf and moderately stupid,
you may imagine that we did not gain
an embarrassing amount of informa-
tion. She insisted upon our going up
in the tower; and we, supposing, in our
ignorance, that we were going to see
something of great interest, possibly
the vessel which contained the celebrated
poison, or a lock of Ophelia's hair, or
something of that sort, followed on, in
like confidence. Up, and up we

went, until we reached the summit,
and there all that that benighted young
woman had to show us was the view!

I always had some doubt as to the cause
of the death of Hamlet's above men-
tioned father; I never had full faith in
the poison theory; and as we came
down a suggestion from one of the party
made it all clear; he died from going
up and down those stairs!

This castle lies just outside the town,
and returning for dinner we called at
the office of the United States consul,
intending to learn from him which hotel
to dine at, and if we could get a car-
riage to take us to Hamlet's grave that
afternoon. But the consul, with a hos-
pitality which does credit to England
and the United States, both of which
countries he represents, insisted upon
our remaining there to dinner; and
then, in spite of the protestations of the
drivers, that there was not a carriage to
be had in the place, succeeded in procu-
ring one for us. I know not how he
did it. Probably he told them that un-
less it was immediately forthcoming a
United States ship-of-war would appear
and bombard the town. After a de-
lightful drive we reached Marienlyst,
where the body of the melancholy Dane
rests, at last, in quiet slumber; that is,
perhaps it does. There is a grave there,
and it is just as easy to believe it is Ham-
let's as any body else's. We believed
it; we hadn't come from home, 2,574
miles, more or less, to dispute with
anybody who said that was Hamlet's
grave. So we gathered around it,
breathed a mutual sigh, shed a few
mutual tears, plucked a few flowers,
and turned away. But it was rather
cruel, after one had accepted the
grave, to try and impose a miserable
little mud-puddle upon us as the brook
in which the fair Ophelia drowned her-
self. Why, absolutely, a fair sized New
Jersey mosquito, in moderately good
health, would find great difficulty in
wetting his feet there. There must
have been a freshet when Ophelia com-
mitted the rash act!

We left Helsingör in the early after-
noon, and after a very pleasant steam-
boat trip down the coast, with the
Swedish shore in sight on the other
side of the Sound, reached Copenhagen.
From there we crossed to Malmö, and
thence steamed back to Germany. Of
Dresden and Leipzig I hope to tell you
in another letter.

DE.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

By REV. E. COOKE, D. D.

Our last letter brought us to that
wonderful city, Denver, at the very foot
of the Rocky Mountains, which, like
Jonah's gourd, has come up almost in
a night, but not, we trust, to perish in
a day. In 1858, while we were residing
in Wisconsin, a new gold fever broke
out. We remember distinctly how our
neighbors and acquaintances rushed
away to the new Eldorado, to dig
gold under the shadow of Pike's Peak
—the only designation then given to
the region which now constitutes the
Territory of Colorado. From a deep
gorge in the Rocky Mountains, called
the "Platte Canon" (pronounced "can-
yon"), a little north of Pike's Peak,
flows the South Platte River, running
along the base of the Foot Hills, nearly
due north, and parallel to the mountain
range, for about seventy-five miles. It
then turns eastward, across the plains,
to join the North Platte in Nebraska.
About twenty-five miles down the
Platte from its mountain canon, in the
sandy bed of the river, gold dust was
first discovered by some Mexicans; and
in 1858 gold hunters and adventurers
soon collected, built their shanties, or
erected tents, and to designate the par-
ticular spot, called it Auraria. It was
the beginning of what is now the
chief city of this backbone of the con-
tinent; and one or two of these original
shanties are still pointed out in West
Denver.

Denver is really one of the marvels
of the age. The first shanty was built
in 1858; the city was nearly destroyed
by fire in 1863, and again by a flood
one year later; the Arrapahoe and
Cheyenne Indian tribes, seeing the in-
coming tide of white settlers, combined
against them, and nearly starved out
the inhabitants by a long blockade of
the city in 1865. And yet, in spite of
these disasters, it has grown, perhaps
without a parallel, except in the case
of San Francisco. The population of
the city was, in 1870, 4,500; two years
later, 10,500; in 1874, 22,000; and still
it is increasing at a rapid rate. It is
laid out in squares, or parallelograms,
with broad avenues and streets; has
gas works, water works (called the
Holy System), street cars running in
five different directions, and six rail-
roads making Denver a common cen-
tre. Its banking institutions, public and
private; its fine hotels, large stores, and
business blocks; its elegant private re-
sidences; the number of its daily and
weekly journals; its church edifices
and public school-houses—all indicate
a population of some 25,000 inhabitants.
With the finest natural road beds in the
world, her really handsome streets lack
but one element of finish and appear-

ance of age; and that is, the presence of
large and venerable old shade trees,
like those of our Puritan towns. But
this defect will soon be remedied by a
system of artificial irrigation, by which
the waters of the Platte, from a dam
fifteen miles above, are made to flow
freely through all the street gutters and
sewers of the city, and irrigate the gar-
dens, lawns, and shade trees which line
all the avenues.

To great natural advantages must be
added the right kind of men to create
great cities—wise, far-seeing, energetic
men, who will shape their early destinies
and stamp their future character. It is
plain to be seen that one of the controlling
influences, if not the chief moving power
in all this rapid growth and prosperity
of the city, as well as the development
of the whole Territory, is our highly-
esteemed friend, ex-Governor Evans.

Denver undoubtedly has a future be-
fore her. Six hundred miles from the
Missouri River, and five hundred from
Salt Lake City, she must become the
great Piedmont city of the continent.
The mineral wealth at her very gates
is simply fabulous. One has only to go
into the United States Assay Mint estab-
lished here, and see the daily reduction
of gold; then go to the express offices,
and see stacks of silver bricks which
pass daily from the smelting works of
the mines, on their way to the great
centres of commerce; and he will see at
once what has given Denver its rapid
growth, and what will continue to be
the leading element of her future pros-
perity. But she has other sources of
greatness and wealth, and other indus-
tries besides the mining interests. Of
these we may speak in connection with
the Territory in general.

The social and religious character of
this city demands more than a passing
notice. We have been acquainted with
some of our thriving Western towns
and cities, but we have never known a
place where society is of a better tone,
or where there seemed to be so few,
relatively, of that class usually denomi-
nated loafers, as in Denver. Every
one is busy, and every one shows pur-
pose and talent. Great rogues and
smart business men are here; the lazy
and semi-idiot have not yet found their
way. With a plenty of liquor-stores
and drinking-salons, yet it is a rare
thing to see an intoxicated individual
on the streets. We venture to say it
would be difficult to find, anywhere in
the States, a city of the same size more
orderly or better governed than is
Denver.

The religious interests are represent-
ed by all the leading denominations,
having, in all, twenty-one churches.
The Methodists were first on the ground,
and seem to lead, so far as numbers are
concerned, having, including Southern
Methodists, Germans, and Africans,
seven church edifices and places of
worship. Some of these are really
handsome and inviting structures.

The educational interests are cared for
by a good public school system—sev-
eral of the school-houses being an orna-
ment, as they would be to any Eastern
city. In provisions for higher educa-
tion but little has as yet been done, ex-
cept by the Episcopalians and Roman
Catholics. The late Bishop Randall,
with a zeal and energy worthy of all
praise, established Wolfe Hall in Den-
ver, a first-class seminary for ladies,
and Jarvis Hall at Golden, about twenty
miles distant, a classical and scientific
school for boys.

The Romanists also are moving.—
Possessing some of the finest sites in the
city, they already have in operation a
nunnery, including a seminary for
girls, and St. Joseph's College for boys
and young men. It is high time
the Protestant denominations generally
were astir on this important subject.
Our Congregational brethren have re-
cently taken initiatory steps to found a
college at Colorado Springs; and our
old friend and co-laborer in the pastorate
at East Boston, Prof. Haskell, is la-
boring with zeal and success in the
undertaking. First on the spot, and first
in numbers throughout the Territory,
the Methodists have not done their
whole duty in this respect.

At an early day a respectable brick
building was erected in Denver, and
christened the Colorado Seminary. A
school was opened, and continued for a
few terms, but was allowed to fail, and
the vantage ground was lost. The
property is still held for the benefit of
the Methodist Episcopal Church, and
may at no distant day be used as the
nucleus of a new educational departure.

Ex-Governor Evans, the projector of
the Holy System, the projector of a
recently proposed most comprehensive
plan for a great union movement. Each
of the Protestant denominations shall
establish a seminary, or preparatory
school, in some portion of the territory,
but all shall unite in sustaining one
first-class university; the denomina-
tions so uniting shall each endow a
chair, and fill it by a man of their own
choice; but the president is to be elected
from the faculty, and for a limited pe-
riod. By such a union of effort it is
hoped to secure two special benefits:

the prestige of a great State University,
and the absence of the usual free think-
ing political element.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The celebrated Fulton Street noon-
day prayer-meeting, for business men,
held its seventeenth anniversary to-day,
in the Old Dutch Church, corner of Ful-
ton and William Streets; and, most
significantly, that large building was
filled to its utmost capacity long before
the hour of noon, and at that time, and
long after it, immense crowds of people
turned away from the building, unable
to get standing room, even, inside the
place.

The services were made up of
addresses by different clergymen, rep-
resenting the various

DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

GOING TO NINEVEH.

BY REV. EMORY J. HAYNES.

I dare not risk the loss of your respect—indeed, deserve your contempt, by venturing upon argument in behalf of the credibility of the story of Jonah, or, indeed, any narrative of the holy Scriptures. You, parents, do not bring your children to this house to listen to any questioning of this Book, which you tell them will endure as "heaven and earth" shall not. You have marked how our Lord Jesus Christ once—yes, twice referred to this adventure of Jonah in His sermon, without pausing to offer one particle of proof of its reality. Who, then, am I, to do what Jesus Christ did not undertake to do—prove its authenticity? He is a fool who says, "I will believe that miracle which is probable, and reject that which is not," for who shall tell what is and what is not a probable miracle? Was the creation probable? the birth of Christ? His death? the history of Jonah? I do not even pause to inquire whether it was a veritable "whale," or some gigantic monster of the deep whose name we know not. We do not need to turn back to the mammoth of a former age, whose fossils have been pictured to us by Agassiz. Oh, thou majestic sea, whose steel-blue rim girds the blue horizon round! whose depths are like the mountains of the land! who shall tell what finny tribes feed upon thy submerged pastures? what monsters move far down in those nethermost soundings, pausing beneath the struggling beam of the mid-day sun, ogling at the hulls of passing ships, and turning again to feed amid the countless treasures scattered in the bottom of the sea?

So sailed this good ship well out the harbor, far away, bound for Tarshish, though in her cabin was concealed the runaway Galilean prophet, for all the world like a recalcitrant Methodist minister. Being a passenger, the preacher paid his fare, and went to sleep; while the fish, far down in the cavernous sea, marked the ship, moved sluggishly, and turned again to his browsing. But the fish soon turned again, for the sea was troubled, and soon lashed into foam. It had been often so before. Then He, whose are the cattle upon a thousand hills, spake unto the fish below, and—upward, half a mile, half a mile, half a mile—upward, till he reached the surface, sucked in the shivering, sputtering, half-drowned wretch, and carried him beneath the wave, until he cast him upon the shore. Now go to Nineveh, you who presumed, undertaking to run away from a miracle-working God!

There is not one man or one boy in this congregation but has felt the Jonah-temptation—to run away from duty. It is a lying, deceptive temptation; for there is not a man or woman, boy or girl, who ever yet succeeded in getting away from a duty God put before them. The reason is, that what is a man's duty to-day is his duty until it is done; and done by him. It sometimes takes a lifetime to learn it, but it is none the less true that account. There are proofs of this. Nine times out of ten, that which is my duty no other man can do. It is my duty to-night to preach in this place, and another cannot do it for me; another man may come with greater fluency of speech, and more commanding eloquence, but he cannot thereby reach just the man that I can, for I have certain ways of expressing myself (not as good as his, but) whereby I may do that which no man can do for me. Then, again, supposing my substitute stands here, and can do just as I can, then I have withdrawn him from some other duty to mine.

There are some duties which should be done to-day, which a man may avoid for awhile, yet they will wait for him as patients in the ante-room of a physician, hoping that he will soon attend to them. There are many here, the ante-room of whose souls are filled with duties that are waiting; and these duties talk with each other. One asks, "how long have you been waiting?" "Two hours," another says, "a month;" a third, "a year;" and one old, gray duty, leaning on his crutch, says, "ah, you who talk about waiting! I have waited forty years for audience, and have not yet found it!" Some duties come to a man, at last, like the bailiff with his warrant, or the sheriff with his writ; they will follow you and dog your footsteps until you shall give them attendance. There are some duties that can only be done to-day—to-morrow's duties being those of reparation.

Now, suppose Jonah had had the power to forecast the future, as he jogged along on his mule, and had pulled his note book from his pocket, jotting down the pros and cons, to ask himself if it would pay. "Why should I not go to Nineveh? First, because it is a disagreeable duty, at best; second, because I shall have to preach to a people whom I hate; third, they are political rivals of the Jews; fourth, because it is a long journey from Galilee. Then, where shall I go? I shall be swallowed by a whale first, and have to do the first, second, third and fourth afterward, which I wish to avoid. I shall have the disagreeable duty, in addition to the going overboard and the swallowing, of a long journey besides, from some spot on the sea shore!"

Just consider it so in regard to every-day-life. Does it pay to undertake to escape from duty? Put down

now the pros and cons. Take the boy, fourteen years of age. He says, "I hate school; I want to be in business; this being packed off every morning at half past eight I hate; I hate fractions—no one ever needs them; I hate grammar—I have learned all I need of it; and I hate dry old history, when there are so many fine, delightful stories." But the kindly hands of those who guide the boy keep him in the right way as long as they can, until, at last, impatient of restraint, he runs away. How far does he get? Scarcely a rod before the whale is after him; he is swallowed at the outset by its ignorance! The very restraint he dreaded would have fitted him for, and established him in his position in life. There are fifty-four men in this congregation who look up and say, "that is so! how hard I have tried to make up for it in my spare moments since!" Why do I speak thus? Because there is many a boy here, and boys have some right to the services of the sanctuary. Does it pay to go to Nineveh at once, and submit to wholesome restraint? or to be swallowed first by some disaster or trouble, and afterward be compelled to go?

What a potent illustration there is in that hygienic care of our bodies. The God of nature virtually says to every man and woman, you shall go to the Nineveh of regular living, of temperance. This is the last thing we who are young men like to do. Youth's common complaint against religion is, one must live so methodical, so constrained, that we will not undertake a life of piety. Very well; the God of nature and the God of grace are in accord, and you will have to go to Nineveh, if you would live to a green old age. You may sleep one night ten hours, the following night six, the next four, and the next not at all; you may take violent exercise one day, and the next stay in the house and read a story. You know you like lobster salad and champagne—take them at eleven o'clock at night, if you please; but, ah, poor dyspeptic, at forty years you will have to crawl to Nineveh, and you will then feel as if you had swallowed the—

I beg your pardon; you will feel sorrow in your flesh. There are men here, on their way to Nineveh, who have to crawl; and, putting on and off rubbers, wraps, bandages and splints, dieting, aching in a vain bobble after man's royal heirship—good health. There is an age in every man's life that may be fitly denominated the Tarshish age; or it may be called the I-don't-care age. "William," says some young married man to his friend, "you must be a little more careful of your good name. I mean this: My wife and I are your friends; but we were up to Mrs. So-and-so's, the other night, and they handled your name pretty roughly. My wife, knowing that you and I were friends, of course took no part in it; but you must be more careful." "I don't care," he says; "I am young, and the world is wide;" and he thinks to avoid that care of a good name which older men have told us is an absolute necessity. He will go on a few years, but will suddenly be thrown overboard, and the whale will get him—this enormous maw of public opinion, which shuts down on a young man with almost hopeless engulfing. It would have been better to have gone to Nineveh at once. There are certain inexorable duties one owes to his mind, in the time of his youth, by way of culture; certain duties to his body; certain duties to his good name; certain duties to the regard for the rainy day which must come upon all by and by. And the temptation of all, at times, is to run away; but no man can; and happy is he who is early foiled in his attempt to run away.

I believe the Lord God Almighty calls men to every necessary and respectable employment of life, as truly as He calls men to preach the Gospel. I believe, further, that if God calls a man to secular employment, it is the layman's duty to serve the Lord as truly as the preacher of the Gospel—that is not saying in the same way. And I believe that, as God Almighty will bring down His heavy hand on the minister who shall prostitute his sacred place for his own gain or advancement, or refuse to take the place to which God calls him, so will He bring down His heavy hand on the Christian layman who uses his vocation first for himself, secondly for God.

Come with me to the house of my friend. There is a babe of weeks in the cradle; he wakes at our approach, puts up a hand, and, observing that we are strangers, mentions the fact to his mother. We ask, "how old is this child?" "A year, the first of last January." "It is a beautiful child. Does its father pray?" "Yes." "Does its mother pray?" "Yes." "Has it been baptized?" "Yes." "What is its name?" "Boanerges—Son of Thunder." "Then you have destined him for the ministry?" "No; we have only consecrated him to God, and leave the future in great trust." Come into another house. Another child, whose father and mother pray, who has been baptized. "What is his name?" "Cressus." "You intend him for a business career?" "Well, no; we only have given him to God, leaving the result to Him." "How old is he?" "One year, the first of last January." "The same as the other."

Now tell me, my hearers, does not the good Lord look upon both alike, and love them equally? Yes. Turn over ten years. Down in the school yard of school No. 10, there are Boanerges and Cressus, firing snow balls at each other. Does not God love them both alike? Yes. Turn over other

ten years; both stand at the altar of this Church, both having given their hearts to God. In heaven is there not the same joy, and does not God love one as the other? Yes. Turn over other years; they are graduating from college, and the Lord says: "Boanerges, you have a good voice; you have been studious, and have a well trained mind; you must take the remnant of your little patrimony and fit yourself out as a missionary." "No, no; I cannot; you do not love me, Lord, if you wish me to become a wanderer on the face of the earth!" "Yes, I do; but some one must do it!" For one, two, or three years, this word comes to goad him: "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," till at length—"but, Lord, how about those for whom I have to provide? Will you take care of my children?" "Yes; I, the Almighty, will." "Well, then, I will go." That is the story of almost every missionary's life.

Now, the Lord to Cressus on the same graduation day:—"Cressus, you have skill for making money; devote all your life to Me. I have sworn to take care of Boanerges, feeding his children, and further his cause, and I need your dollars and cents to do it with." But he replies, "no, Lord; I cannot do it; I will be a Christian (?) gentleman; go to church, prayer-meetings and communion; but it is my privilege to lay out money, build me a house that shall be elegant, and have horses and carriages, and enjoy life. Then what's left?" Suppose all this was thirty years ago. Last Saturday Cressus saw the ship, as with his prancing bays in hand, he halted on the bluff at Fort Hamilton, overlooking New York Bay. He saw the ship that bore Boanerges far out to sea; and he turns to his wife, "is not that singular, now? I think that is the Scotia; if it is, he is on it. The good Lord loves us just alike, and yet has sent Boanerges off on a great, lone struggle, but has left me here to make money for you and the babies. Is it not singular how God makes this distinction?" Next day he goes to Church, and it being missionary day, he gives ten dollars to the cause; and while his heart reproaches him, he says, "whose business is it? Is it not all my own?" No; not one penny of it; you are but the steward of Almighty God. Boanerges serves Him by going abroad; you are to serve Him by staying at home, and laying up money, subject to the call of the Infinite God, who gives it to you. You were wrong; God will help you if you refuse to learn your error.

Brother man, bear with me. Has not your whole past life been an effort to run away from duty? In that little country village, where you were born and brought up, do you remember how once you sat by the church door? how they sang that glorious invitation, "come, ye sinners, poor and needy?" how you trembled on your seat as you thought, "to-morrow morning I am going to New York, to begin life for myself. You got half out of your seat; then stood by the door-post, as they sang the last verse; you thought it over, and said, 'I will not go to Nineveh, but to Tarshish!'" and all these years you have been trying to run away from God. But you have still got to go to Nineveh if you would be saved. So, what have you made by all these years of disobedience?

And there is another man here, to whom I would speak. If you will step this way, I think you can see it, for the moon is shining—the second story window of a cottage in the country. See! a boy's foot feeling for the lightning rod among the tendrils of the clinging vine. Now the other foot appears, and a hand; now he is on the grass at the north side of the house; in the dimness you can see him pick up a bundle; he is running away from home. He is going by another, and they both know braken on the way-freight that goes at midnight. They wake in the morning in the city of B. One grows disheartened, and goes home; but the other, having more of the spirit of determination, holds on his course, loiters around the long wharf, and finally becomes a stowaway.

Three days out, driven by starvation, he makes himself known. A boy's heart is sometimes strong as a giant's, and then again like a woman's. We hear about the poesy of girlhood's heart, but no one has ever fathomed the mysteries of a boy's heart—no one, save a good mother. He roamed around the world, thought of his home, but would not return. One day in B. they caught him with a letter, and he was almost disposed to go home; but he would not. Another year rolled round; and another; fifteen years elapsed—one day, up at B., the native village; but he would not go home. One Thursday night he went down by the house, but would not go near it. The next time he went down by the post, where he could look in. Four days passed. Why not go in? He would be happier. Poor backslider, then art the man! walking all up and down by your home. You have run away from home, and your whole life has been wretched for it. Oh, why will you not come home? not to Nineveh, but to a home that shall stand upon the earth, which bore Nineveh, has turned to ashes, which the winds shall drive through space.

GEMS.

Unblamableness at Christ's judgment should be the goal of a Christian.—Hewit.

Wealth in that which is needful for salvation is true, permanent wealth.—Ibid.

Self-diffidence in a preacher helps more than self-confidence.—Ibid.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP-MEETINGS—ALL RIGHT.

BY REV. THEODORE FLOOD.

The editorial, "After Camp-meetings," and the article, "Our Camp-meetings," lead us to cry out, Whither is our good old HERALD drifting? and What pilot has she adopted on this camp-meeting question? Let us stay and think before we break up these good old-time gatherings of holy men and women, for they are sacred. God instituted the "feast of tabernacles," and He has wonderfully blessed it in these latter times, to the inspiring of the Church with a love for lost men, and made it a means of liberating souls from the bondage of sin.

The camp-meetings of to-day are favored with facilities for reaching them that thirty years ago they did not possess. They are located on the line of railroads, and such conveniences as stations, extra trains, free passes for ministers, and half fare for the people, are furnished, and even tents and lumber for cottages and chapels are transported free, or for a nominal price. By these advantages not only our own people are induced to attend these gatherings, but also ministers and members of other Churches.

Under the old Methodist custom, each Church or circuit held its own camp-meeting, and each family had its own tent—a custom which still obtains in some parts of Pennsylvania and Maryland. On the Juniata District, last year, there were held nineteen different camp-meetings. In New England we make it a district gathering, or, what is equivalent, a number of Churches unite in building up a camp-meeting, and when their congregations come together it makes a vast concourse of people. Our cities and towns are more numerous and populous than they were twenty or thirty years ago, and it must be expected that we will have more people present, and among them a larger number of curious lookers on, some with itching ears, and others seeking for pleasure.

The old idea of camp-meetings, which gave them their influence and power in the early history of the Church, has been preserved until this day (we speak from another standpoint than Boston or Massachusetts). In New Hampshire these gatherings have not fallen below their proper religious standard, and assumed the form of merely a social gathering, or a religious muster. On the contrary, they are places of religious power. Any person who visited any one of the five camp-meetings held in this State this Fall, could not fail to observe that believers were sanctified, and scores of penitents came to the altar anxiously seeking salvation. Churches are now enjoying precious seasons of revival, with sinners each asking "what must we do to be saved?" And these revivals had their manifest beginning at the camp-meeting. What shall be said concerning the present revival, among both our ministers and membership throughout the Church, leading our people to a fuller consecration to God and richer experience in saving love? Camp-meetings have had something to do with this renewed vigor of our religious life, as well as a renewed activity of the Church in seeking to save them that are lost. It is a pleasing thought, that with the full inauguration of the modern camp-meeting we can point to some of the most remarkable victories of divine grace that have been witnessed in the history of Methodism. The recent Round Lake meeting is an illustration of the efficiency of the institution. The bloody chasm was bridged, and the Methodists were united for a day. May we not hope it is the beginning of the end of discord and division where there should exist union and harmony.

A man writing on camp-meetings should turn away from Martha's Vineyard; it is an exceptional case among the camp-meetings of the present time. He should not rest his case on a half dozen camp-meetings, located in the vicinity of Boston, though much good is done even at these places, and the Church cannot afford to surrender one of them. Take a majority of the camp-meetings in New England—in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, with some that are held in Massachusetts and Rhode Island; analyze them, and glean the facts from their history; and we are quick to express the conviction that the old time fire remains, and old fashioned victories over sin are won, because the preaching, exhorting, praying and singing are in simplicity and with power. For the family tent at the early camp-meeting, we have to-day well arranged cottages, that the convalescent, feeble and infirm may attend the meetings, and those who take delight in silent meditation can retire to the quietness of their own cottage home, and there worship God in secret.

By furnishing this substitute for the family tent we avoid the criticism of the secular press, which has been heralded so freely, against the practice of a large company of men and women lying on the straw in a society tent, to sleep for the night. It is a poor compliment to the Gospel we preach, and religious life we enjoy, if a few days of weeks of life in a cottage by the sea or lake, or among the mountains, so divorces us from God and Christian work that we prefer these comfortable accommodations to the place of prayer or the vineyard of the Master, where we are commanded to work.

We have observed that the preacher who did not believe in camp-meetings was almost sure to see a very small company of worshippers on the ground from his Church, and naturally enough, but few souls were converted; while the minister whose heart is consecrated to

using the camp-meeting as a means of saving the people has his Church present, and rejoices in seeing souls saved. The real objection, if any exists, cannot be to the convenient and comfortable arrangements for living on the grounds, for with equal enthusiasm these objections might be urged against home life in town and city, as detrimental to piety. If we are to have camp-meetings, why not have them as they are? Why change them into Babels for anniversaries, such as we have at the sessions of our Conferences? These anniversaries, where we have big and little speeches, are the very agencies which have sapped the spiritual energies of our annual Conferences, and left them the "business gatherings" we now see them. That is a poor antidote in reform which does more injury than good, and has been the departure from the simple Gospel sermon, and the earnest, powerful exhortation, in which the fathers aimed at immediate results, to these modern grandiloquent efforts at preaching self, instead of Christ, mightily to save, which has done our camp-meetings more injury than all the social intercourse, cottage life or recreation enjoyed at camp-meetings. Some few leading preachers among us have created a false ambition among the young ministers, and a false taste among the hearers of their star sermons. Like a meteor they have shot across the heavens of our camp-meetings, and then their brilliancy has gone out.

If four things are done, our camp-meetings will continue to be seasons of spiritual refreshing to the Churches: 1, preach the gospel in its simplicity; 2, let the pastor of each society go with his tent's company, and work faithfully with his people on the encampment, in their homes, and lead the social meetings in his tent; 3, cease criticizing camp-meetings, and go to work and use them; 4, try to inspire our people with confidence in the camp-meeting, as the great Pentecost of the year to every Church that will come to the feast.

Concord, N. H., Sept. 18, 1874.

CAMP-MEETING AT WILMOT, N. H.

This meeting commenced September 4th, and was a great success. It was a question whether this meeting could be sustained after the one at Claremont was established, especially as a debt of \$500 had been incurred; but that champion for God, Rev. H. Montgomery, came one year ago and raised the \$500, which settled the question as to the continuance of this meeting, which reaches a class that cannot be reached any other way, as the principal part of the congregation come in their teams for miles, going to their homes in the evening. The weather throughout was splendid. We had given the palm to Brother Crowell, as a presiding officer at camp-meetings, but Brother Cilley is his equal, to say the least. The Association thought they had made a mistake in holding the meeting over the Sabbath, and took a unanimous vote not to hold over the Sabbath next year.

The first service was held Friday evening, in one of the tents. Saturday morning the first public service was at the stand, sermon by Rev. George C. Noyes, of Enfield, from John iv. 35, 36; in the P. M., Rev. Mr. Applebee of Grafton, Isaiah xxviii. 16; evening, Rev. H. H. Hartwell, Thess. v. 23, 24, a telling discourse.

Sunday morning, promise meeting at 8 o'clock—a good time. Sermon at 10, by Rev. Hugh Montgomery of Greenland, 1 Tim. iv. 8; children's meeting at 1 o'clock at the stand, speakers, Revs. Montgomery, Bryant, Davis and Garside; afternoon sermon, Prof. Robinson of Tilton, Matt. xxviii. 18; evening, Rev. Wm. A. Davis (quite a young man, who will make his mark), John xv. 27. It was estimated that 5,000 people were present to-day.

Monday, preaching by Rev. Samuel J. Robinson of Canaan, in the A. M., 1 John iii. 8; afternoon, S. E. Quimby of Sunapee, 1 Peter ii. 7, 8; evening, C. E. Trussell of Wilmot, 1 Peter iv. 18.

Tuesday morning Rev. Joshua R. Bartlett of Antrim (who had the largest tent's company on the ground, and led the hosts in singing), preached from Joel ii. 14; afternoon, G. N. Bryant of East Canaan, Eccl. viii. 11; evening, J. A. Parker of Hillsboro' Center, Mark viii. 36, 37.

Wednesday, love-feast at 8 o'clock, 110 testimonies in 35 minutes; at 10 o'clock, sermon by Rev. J. M. Durrell of Bristol, Isaiah lxiii. 1, "Mighty to Save;" afternoon, Rev. G. Powell of Henniker, Matt. xvi. 26; evening, S. A. Quimby of Unity, Ps. lxxxv. 5.

Thursday morning the closing meeting at the stand was a prayer and testimony meeting. It was good to be there. Many souls were converted.

N. B. GARSIDE.

CAMP-MEETING AT NORTHPORT, ME.

Our twenty-seventh camp-meeting at Wesleyan Grove, Northport, commenced August 24th, and closed the 29th. Brother A. Prince, Presiding Elder of Bangor District, was president of the meeting, and his management gave general satisfaction. Nothing was left to be desired in regard to good order.

Cottages and tents had been occupied for weeks by many who had been living here, making the place seem little like what it was twenty-five years ago, when, after a few days' worship, it was left to solitude the rest of the year. The number annually resorting here for the summer is increasing, giving rise to the fear that the merely worldly spirit will encroach upon the religious.

The success of the meeting was en-

couraging, the exercises increasing in interest to the close; many of the sermons were attended by the Holy Spirit, and the social services were interesting and powerful.

Brother Pottle, of the Maine Conference, and members of our own Conference preached and led the devotions of the multitudes, and it will be enough to say all was satisfactory. We send forth no Macedonian cry. Many were instructed more perfectly in the things of God, and led to the possession of clean hearts; and many inquirers were led to Christ.

The grounds of the Association are rapidly improving, both in convenience and attractiveness, under the earnest efforts of the Trustees. They may lack some of the natural advantages of other places, but the constantly increasing number who resort there, the demand for lots, and the number of beautiful and convenient cottages already built, and to be built, testify that even here there is much that is beautiful and attractive. The fine bay extending to Castine and Fortpoint on the north, and from Searsport to Long Island, constantly enlivened by the presence of sails and steamers; the abundant store of fish found in its waters; the facilities for boating and bathing; the cool and refreshing breezes, and the rapidly extending social intercourse with the best among our citizens, are strong inducements to seek here health and recreation, and furnish a most inviting temple in which to worship God. This allusion to the attractions might be made more glowing, without exceeding what is justly deserved, as those who have been here well know, while those who will come next year will discover all without such aid.

The efficient trustees are planning most liberal things for the improvement of the grounds, which, in addition to what has been already done, will go far to make all comfortable and pleasant. The grounds consist of about thirty acres, substantially enclosed. A fine growth of beech and maple affords sufficient shade, and the remainder is in grass. The whole descends gently to the shore of the bay, and is accessible to all kinds of water craft, at all tides, with good anchorage. The road from Belfast (four miles distant) bounds the southern side, and there is ready and cheap conveyance by land and water, at all times, from that city.

The last was the twenty-seventh meeting held on these grounds. God has made these meetings a blessing to thousands, and many hearts are praying that the glory may still abide, and this continue to be a sanctuary for God's people, and the birth place of thousands of souls.

A. CHURCH, Sec.

East Corinth, Sept. 9, 1874.

BOSTON CITY HOSPITAL.

This worthy institution, liberally endowed by the kindness and care which marks its mission, has crowded its wards to repletion. Did the public realize the privilege conferred by this noble charity, the high tone of feeling characterizing its officers and assistants, it would be yet more crowded by those who would fully appreciate its beautiful surroundings; and the working classes of the city would hail, in time of sickness, its beautiful home, its gentle, Christian care.

An addition to its library would be a most beneficial gift; also, donations of chromos, engravings, etc., which, amusing the mind, would tend to heal the body. Will not the ladies of Boston, or its merchant princes, forward the sum of one or two thousand dollars towards this object? In the hands of those now controlling this institution it would do a vast amount of good. Donations of money or books, forwarded to the office of the superintendent, will be a means of honoring Him who hath said, "Ye did it unto Me."

M. J. B.

Our Book Table.

THE PROPHET: A Tragedy, by Bayard Taylor. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. The subject is so disagreeable that the relief of the reader in the poem is destroyed. It recounts the rise of Mormonism, its culmination at Nauvoo, the lawless attack by the indignant citizens, and the sacking of the temple. In the massacre that attended this execution of "Lynch Law," "The Prophet"—the hero of the poem—is fatally shot. The story is well told, with here and there snatches of fine sentiment and melodious verse; but the whole story of the Mormon prophet's call is below the dignity of an epic; casts ridicule upon the sincere persecutions of the infatuated sects in it; and makes its closing tragedy a farce.

WOMAN AND THE DIVINE REPUBLIC. By Leo Miller. Buffalo: Hass & Namer. This volume is a thin duodecimo of 218 pages. Its central thought, which runs like a silver cord through the whole volume, and is fully and happily illustrated, is that there is sex in soul as well as body—an intended, ineradicable difference between male and female "in the very constitution of the soul." Instead of finding in this admitted premise an argument against the introduction of women into public life and to a share in the government of nations, it makes this fact the starting-point and the foundation of the whole argument in favor of woman's equal participation in the creation and administration of the laws under which she lives. He seeks to show that these differences are the necessary complements of each other, and that the highest conditions of human happiness can only be secured by the universal admission of the law of sex, and the vital necessity of its combined action in all social, civil, moral and religious movements. The absence of woman from her proper place, and the failure to train her for her intended office, the author thinks, have been the occasion of much of the world's violence and wretchedness. Her acknowledged entrance into equal participation in public affairs, he predicts, will be the era of the close of bloody wars, the end of intemperance, the consummation of all modern reforms, the cure of crime, the mitigation of

disease of mind and body, and the opening of the Millennium. The illustrative facts, which have been faithfully gathered, and arranged with no inconsiderable skill, give a value to this little volume, even for those who do not see the conclusions of the author necessarily following from his premises. It is eminently religious, and even spiritual treatise, and is written with all the enthusiasm of absolute conviction.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIBLE. Being a Review of the Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology of the Holy Land, with a Description of Every Animal and Plant Mentioned in Holy Scripture, by H. B. Tristram, M. A., Oxon., LL. D., F. R. S., etc. New York: Pott, Young & Co. The first impression one naturally has, upon taking this volume in his hands, is that it is another of the almost numberless manuals of the kind now rapidly pouring from the Sunday-school press—a kind of tasteless rehash of larger original works. A slight examination fully discloses him of this mistake. Dr. Tristram has become well known as one of the most reliable explorers and writers upon certain portions of Palestine and the adjoining countries. His "Land of Israel," "Land of Edom," giving the results of thorough personal investigations of Biblical localities, are of the highest authority. This volume is also a valuable original contribution to the natural history and geography of Scripture lands, gathered, not from other books, but from his personal examinations. It is handsomely, but not expensively published, and is fully illustrated.

The same publishers have just issued from their press another admirable illustrative volume upon the same subject, particularly adapted to interest and instruct young readers. It is entitled THE ANCIENT NATIONS: A Sign and a Wonder. By the Author of "The Knights of the Frozen Sea." With Twenty-one Illustrations. By the familiar and always pleasant device, when well managed, of combining the simple outlines of family life and fixed conversations with the recital of the story, the whole Jewish history, so strange and old of fascination, as well as so instructive, from Abraham down to the present time, is given. The volume is rendered specially attractive by its many fine illustrations and its happy combination of profane with its parallel Scripture history.

HOLDEN WITH COINBS. By W. M. L. Jay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston. The author of this book, a duodecimo of over 500 pages, who was also the writer of a previous quite popular work of the imagination, "Shiloh," openly announces, in her preface, that it is one of the class which critics style, not always in a complimentary way, a religious novel. The "mission" of the book is to show that "murder will out." A young medical student apparently effectually covers up the poisoning of a rival for years, but is always included within the chain of his fearful crime, wherever he goes; unexpectedly, from time to time, he finds it drawing upon him, until ultimately it brings him within the near probabilities of discovery. In his attempt to escape he perishes suddenly and mysteriously by the hand of his victim. The characters are very well drawn, the body of the book is entertaining and instructive, and its moral lessons wholesome.

Lee & Shepard publish a "society novel," from the German of Marie Lenzen. It is the story of the pitiful, but successful sacrifices and sufferings of a little wail of a girl, singularly rescued from the cold custody of a cruel foster-mother, and ultimately finding a high social position in life. The book is entitled, *Not in Tears Set*, or, In Different Circles of Society. The special interest of the work is its illustration of German society.

A volume that will administer rare delight to our boy readers, and be almost equally interesting to their fathers, is NIMROD OF THE SEA; or, The American Whalerman, by William M. Davis. It is from the publishing house of the Harpers. No book, since Mr. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," has given such a vivid picture of sea life and adventures. It has a special subject, and is enlivened by personal incidents. Its illustrations are numerous, and very fine. This is one of the excellent volumes for the delectation of lads, which bestows wonderful entertainment, without weakening or depraving the mind of the young reader.

We are rarely able to speak with such unqualified praise as we can of a charming little volume, published by James R. Osgood & Co., and entitled HOW TO MAKE THEM, by E. C. Gardner. The first impression might be that the volume was ethical instead of aesthetical, suggesting certain moral and religious elements entering into a happy home. But this very handsomely published volume, in a series of natural letters, permits an intelligent acquaintance with the subject, and the importance of having a happy home, even if of limited prices, and how to build them in attractive styles. The illustrations are in keeping with the general good taste and beauty of the book.

The same publishers have commenced a series of very attractive little diamond volumes, under the general title of LITTLE CLASSICS. The first volume bears the special title of "Æsop," given, perhaps, on account of the grim side of human life which its varied contents portray. It contains six remarkable stories, heretofore published, one each by Hawthorne, Gerald Griffin, J. A. Greenwood, Bret Harte, E. E. Hale, and Thomas De Quincey. The series is a happy suggestion. Some of the finest portions of our literature may be gathered from among the short tales and sketches of the best writers. It is so handy for the pocket and portmanteau that the traveling thousands will be sure to purchase these volumes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have published, in a particularly tasteful small quarto, a selection of the later poems of Harriet McEwen Kimball. The contributions which this Christian singer has made to our religious periodicals are, many of them, well known. The poems are often hymns, and some of them eminently spiritual. The poem which opens and gives name to the volume, is characteristic—

"Wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go,
Southward, northward, to and fro?
Far up in ether, piped they,
"We but obey
One who calleth us far away."
"He calleth and calleth, year by year;
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear."
"Dear little birds! He calleth me
Who calleth me;
Would that I might as trusting be!"

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: "Unaccusit," Op. 224, by Spindler; "Old Folks at Home," grand paraphrase de concert, by Robert Challoner; "Spring, Spring," by Ripley Richards; "Secret Hope," for soprano or tenor, by Adella Fattie; "Ben-e-dic-a-mus thee," by T. S. Lloyd; "Dynamite of Youth," "singing for home," by Franz Beer; "Far from Thee," song, by J. Faure; "When the Daisies Cover Me," ballad, by George Cooper.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Prov. Dis. Preachers' Meeting at Western, Oct. 5-7.
Fall River Dis. Preachers' Meeting, Little Compton, R. I., Oct. 5-7.
Bookland Dis. Min. Assn., at N. Waldoboro, Oct. 6-8.
Kearseville Dis. Min. Assn., at E. Canaan, Oct. 6-8.
Gardner Dis. Min. Assn., at S. Paris, Oct. 12-14.
Dover Dis. Min. Assn., at S. Paris, Oct. 12-14.
Min. Association, at S. Paris, Oct. 12-14.
Ruckport Dis. Preachers' Meeting, Searport, Me., Oct. 12-14.
Kearseville Dis. Preachers' Meeting, at New London, Oct. 19-21.
Readfield Dis. Min. Assn., at Wilton, Oct. 19-21.
BOSTON UNIVERSITY:
School of Theology opens, Sept. 5.
School of Law opens, Oct. 7.
School of Medicine opens, Oct. 14.
College of Liberal Arts opens, Sept. 5.
College of Music opens, Sept. 14.

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1874.

That was a model Presiding Elder—the man of Norwich District—who called the attention of his ministers, in his list of quarterly notices, last week, to the generous proposition of the Publisher of ZION'S HERALD, made to new subscribers of that paper for the ensuing year, and to the admirable report of the late Providence Conference in reference to the same "organ" of the Church. Such a prompt Elder is quite sure to have around him a vigorous corps of preachers. We shall, without doubt, hear from that District, as the people are now hearing about us—from appreciative lips. Such a deed as this, on the whole, partakes so much of the characteristics of that of the good Samaritan, that we shall not misapprehend the Master's moral when we say to our New England Presiding Elders, "go, and do thou likewise."

We will not forget to thank others who have already anticipated our appeal by their voluntary and effective suggestions to the ministers and Churches under their care. Let the good work go on. We see the twenty thousand already—in a pleasant mirage.

The *New York Tribune* mentions a very happy new idea in the circle of modern charities, which has entered the mind of certain benevolent persons in Philadelphia. While they were instituting excursions for the poor children of the streets, it occurred to some of them that there were certain old persons—grandpas, grandmas, and venerable aunts—who never went out; invalids and helpless persons, longing for the sweet air of the fields and the unbroken sunlight. So a self-constituted committee arranged excursions in carriages, something like the rides given to invalids by the Young Men's Christian Union, and bore a large company of very aged persons, with a band of music at their head, into the woods. A nice entertainment, suited to their tastes and weak digestion, was provided. All together it was a delightful thought, happily executed, and while it possibly added happy days to the lives of the aged guests, it bestowed even more pleasure upon those that planned it.

The *Tribune* adds this excellent counsel: "The summer is over, but there surely is time for us to take a hint from this beautiful idea of the good Quakers. We do not spare money on civic or club dinners to notable strangers, who may do us some service. We forget who it was that commanded, 'But thou, when thou makest a feast, call in the poor, the maimed, and the blind, for they cannot recompense thee.'"

The matriculating exercises of the Theological School of Boston University, last Wednesday, were specially interesting. The religious services were impressive. The appearance of the new class was, in every respect, encouraging. The lady member, Miss Oliver, connected with the Congregational Church, is very modest in her appearance, self-possessed without self-consciousness, evidently earnestly devoted to her studies. She was a very efficient laborer in the temperance work at the West, among her sister "crusaders." She proposes to prepare herself thoroughly for whatever service the Master has for her to do.

The address of Rev. John E. Cookman, upon Christ as the minister's model, was excellent—in portions of it very animated and full ofunction. It was very well received and appreciated by the audience of students and friends gathered in Wesleyan Hall.

"STILL IT MOVES."

"Why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?"—NEIL, VI, 5.

The work of evangelizing the world has never stopped on account of outward obstacles. If Christian ministers have been pure and devoted, they have always been able to overcome them, even though in so doing they have won for themselves the crown of martyrdom, and could only invite their hearers to the same life of outward shame and persecution. It has only been when the Church has lost its spiritual life and enthusiasm that its progress has been hindered. Disloyalty to the truth, and not opposition, has been always the chief obstacle to its advance.

There have always been periods when the prevailing philosophy of the day, urged by the leading minds of the hour, has been directly, bitterly, and, for the time, apparently successfully, urged against revealed religion. The Bible, as inspired of God, and a new spiritual birth in man secured by a confiding trust in the death of a crucified Jew, have ever been esteemed as the height of foolishness, or a stumbling-block, by the wise and prudent of this world. In spite of constant, intelligent and combined effort against its supremacy, tried over and over again, Christianity has, however, survived and continued to grow in numbers and power; and it is making more true converts to-day, than ever before.

At this hour there is a great array of commanding talent, in the scientific and literary world, drawn out against the religion of the Holy Scriptures. The attacks are severe, and are made by men apparently sincere, yielding themselves to the results of their investigations into the laws of the natural world, and to the inevitable gravitation of their convictions. They are now

proclaiming their antagonistic theories on all the conspicuous platforms of Christendom, teaching them in universities, filling our book and periodical literature with them, and even entering our pulpits to promulgate them. What shall we do about it? We need give ourselves no serious uneasiness about the matter if we are only true to ourselves, our Master and our opportunities. The great work committed into our hands need not cease a moment. We are not required to leave it and go down to attempt the solution of these new problems. Whatever issues may follow the present remarkable renaissance in physical science, the work of saving men from their vices and sins will always be as urgent as it has ever been; and there is no redemption from these outside of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. The most effectual way to limit within the narrowest lines the evil effects of a materialistic or atheistic philosophy, is to awaken religious enthusiasm among men, and profit to them directly a Gospel that brings present peace and power. Scotland and England are the fruitful centres from whence the latest and bitterest attacks have been made upon the Biblical record, and the most open contempt cast upon evangelical views of man's nature, spiritual wants, and destiny; yet here, under the humble labors of two uncelebrated laymen, one singing the Gospel, and the other simply expounding the plainest Scriptures, and interpreting, in language that the common people can understand, the experimental grace of the religion of Jesus Christ, thousands of people, embracing all ranks in society, are brought to their knees, to sincere penitence, and to a holy life devoted to the good of their fellow men. There is no antidote like the uncorrupted and unadorned Gospel itself to infidelity, worldliness and sin.

It is not necessary, or of any good purpose, for a minister, not thoroughly read in all the growing lines of modern science, to leave his legitimate work, which he can fully comprehend, and shout from his pulpit personal abuse of certain noted leaders of modern thought. His voice will not reach them; if it did, with such utterances he could not convert them. Neither can he save his own hearers by such inane dogmatism. He will rather attract attention to these men, and awaken an interest to read after them, and to learn exactly what they do teach. He may tempt immature minds to doubt them, not from the actual facts which these great reasoners have discovered in nature, but from their own inability to sift these pretended discoveries, and to weigh the real value of these asserted truths, which are often only the boldest speculations. The rambling, sophomoric denunciations of an immature scholar and thinker in the pulpit, will do little even in defending his hearers from the contamination of these injurious opinions now impregnating our literature. It is simply the declamation of the pulpit against the life-long study and thought of the patient scholar. But a positive, present enjoyment of an indwelling, uplifting and exulting spiritual life will be an absolute defense against either materialism or atheism.

We do not underrate the necessity or the value of the noble apologies which are constantly coming from the press, or, from time to time, made from an appropriate platform by accomplished ministers and laymen. God raises up His Nehemiahs to re-build the broken-down walls of Christianity. They are specially called and specially fitted for their work. They meet the foes of God and of His Son Jesus Christ on their own ground, and where they are themselves, by personal investigation and study, just as much at home as their opponents. The Church has never been without its Christian scholars. These, however, are not its evangelists. They are set for the defense of the Gospel. They sustain the faith and confidence of the disciples. The great work, however, is not to defend, but to preach the Gospel. Here the humble scholar becomes a power, if he is himself thoroughly conquered by the divine love, and reckons not his case, fortune, or life dear unto himself, if he may but win men to Christ.

There never was an hour when men hungered more for the preaching of the simplest truths than now. The tempted and sin-plagued heart always cries out for a Saviour. The fundamental truths of religion, repentance, trust, a new birth, and a holy life, if presented clearly according to the revelation of the Word of God, illustrated by the experience and life of the minister himself, and uttered as if a positive conviction and comfort in the heart of the speaker, will always command attention and secure the happiest results.

We do not think Messrs. Darwin, Huxley, Lubbock and Spencer consider themselves complimented by the prominence given to them in thousands of pulpits, neither do we think they stand in much dread of the wordy denunciations which they receive. As powerful as were the essays of Christlieb, Oesterzee and others at the late Evangelical Alliance, in defense of revealed religion against modern atheistic thought, the interchange of spiritual experiences, the meetings for prayer and religious conference, the general evangelical glow and enthusiasm of those wonderful Pentecostal days were infinitely more powerful both to defend and propagate the Gospel of the Son of God. Let the faithful minister, then, say, "Why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you?" and go on with his ministry of righteousness.

HUXLEY ON AUTOMATIC MECHANICAL ACTION.

The address of Mr. Huxley before the British Association at Belfast, on the 25th ult., was no less marked in its way than was Professor Tyndall's, to which we recently adverted. Its easy, popular style renders it very pleasant to read, except in two or three very long and involved sentences, however much one may dissent from its positions.

One peculiarity pervades the two addresses, that is a little singular. We refer to the resort to the early, tentative explorers, whose systems were long since exploded, or have become so greatly modified that their original features have been mostly lost, as authority for the doctrines upon which the science of to-day should stand. So long as Tyndall builds upon Lucretius, and Huxley on Descartes, as their authorities for the doctrines that must be exalted to supremacy above the Bible, all talk, from them at least, about progress in science and advance in thought is as idle wind.

Mr. Huxley's subject is put in plainer terms in his statement, that "the only conclusion at which there seems any good ground for arriving, is that animals are machines, but that they are conscious machines." Go back more than two centuries, to Descartes, whose definitions of matter and mind compelled him to the conclusion that beasts have no souls, and are mere machines, and who clearly stated the proposition that the brain is the organ of sensation, thought, and emotion. Mr. Huxley follows and adopts his reasonings generally. How the mind acts through the brain, or receives its impressions from it, is a question that need no longer puzzle philosophers or school-boys, as it is ascertained to be by a change in the adjustment of the particles of the brain, nerves, and muscles. The finger touches a stone, and a molecular change takes place in the nerves, which is propagated along the arm until it reaches the brain, producing there the sensation, and a consciousness of the sensation. Light from a candle falls upon the retina of the eye, causing a molecular change in the optic nerve and brain, and producing the requisite sensation and consciousness. The brain receives no picture of the stone or of the candle, but only "symbols or signs" of them; and, in reality, we do not know that there is either stone or candle. Indeed, the whole external world may exist only in our idea of it. The idealistic philosophy, a favorite one with Huxley and his congeners, is linked with the physical theory of memory, and all mental action reduced to molecular changes. One essential point, however, is overlooked. Granting that sensation is thus produced by changes among the particles of the brain, and that other changes eventuate in logical processes, and still others in volitions and emotions of joy and sorrow, love and hate, how is it that we become aware of these states of what we call our minds, but for which the materialistic philosophy compels us to substitute conditions of our brains? Mr. Huxley has great fluency respecting "the state of consciousness," but he gives us no explanation. He may mean by "consciousness" something very different from what we do; therefore we use a plain term, and ask how we become aware of our mental states? Materialism fails here, in its most vital point.

The story of the wounded French soldier, with his two lives, a normal one of some twenty-seven days out of every month, in which he is much like other people, and an abnormal one of a day or two, in which he neither sees, hears, tastes, nor smells, is unconscious, has the sense of touch, and is an inveterate thief, is beautifully told; and it proves just as much as does the story of the frog that had been robbed of half its brains; but neither proves that "his action is purely mechanical." Who authorizes Mr. Huxley to say that the mutilated frog, that endeavors to keep itself from falling, or, when made to jump, to dodge a book placed in its path, is unconscious, and does not know what it is doing? And why take a case of confessed diseased mental action to illustrate the powers of a perfectly sound mind? It will by no means be conceded that the acts of the soldier on his abnormal days, his eating aloes and assafetida as they were bread, or his stealing and hiding his own clothes when he can find nothing else to steal, are "merely mechanical." Such a solution of the case is a mere jumping to a conclusion, and only shifts the difficulty.

Whether animals have souls, and, if so, whether they are immortal, are questions which Mr. Huxley relegates to the domain of philosophy, with a liberality most praiseworthy, especially since his science has laid the platform upon which the philosophy must stand. But the most remarkable thing in the whole address, for the announcement of which he fully prepared himself, is the application of his doctrine of automatism to man, and his affectation of anticipated hard treatment in the probable supposition that he meant such an application. "I do not doubt," he says, "that that fate will befall me which has befallen better men, and I shall have to bear in patience the reiterated assertion that doctrines such as I have put before you have very evil tendencies. I should not wonder if you were told that my intention in bringing this subject before you is to lead you to apply the doctrine I have stated to man as well as to brutes; and it will then certainly be further stated that the logical tendency of such a doctrine is fatalism, materialism, atheism." That this is pure affectation, unworthy a true man of science, is plain enough from the flouting of

logical consequences and the avowal that immediately follow. He says:—"Logical consequences can take care of themselves. The only question for any man to ask is this: Is this true, or is it false? No other question can possibly be taken into consideration until that one is settled. Undoubtedly I do hold that the view I have taken of the relations between the physical and mental faculties of brutes, applies in its fullness and entirety to man; and if it was true that the logical consequences of that belief must land me in all these terrible things, I do not hesitate in allowing myself to be so landed." He, however, professes not to see that they follow from the doctrine.

Man, then, in Mr. Huxley's view, by his own avowal, is a "conscious machine." He can think, feel, desire, love, hate, remember, reason, will, and act in no way otherwise than he does, and he must do these several things as he does. The clock's pendulum, hands and hammer must move as they do, ticking, revolving, striking; they cannot help themselves. As responsible as is the clock is man, and no more so. If this be not fatalism, what is it?

Mr. Huxley laughs at "logical consequences." If his doctrine land him in atheism, to atheism he will bravely go! The heroic spirit we always admire; but a heroism which plants itself on the sandy, shifting speculations based upon even certain scientific facts, believing them for the hour to be true, and for them ready to renounce the intuitions of one's own soul, the manifold proofs of an Infinite One above and around him, and the revelation of Holy Scripture itself, and to cry, *There is no God*, is only the most absolute and irrational foolhardiness. Does not Mr. Huxley know that in settling his question, "Is this true, or is it false?" he must of necessity often take in the element of "logical consequence?" If it contradicted some other clearly ascertained truth, can it be true? If, for instance, a proposition deny the being of God, can it be true? Or, if it destroy human responsibility, can it be true? His own daily life, as a scientific investigator, we venture to say, supplies an ample contradiction of his words.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The sixth biennial session of the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches, closed at Saratoga, September 18th. It began on the evening of the 15th, with a sermon by Robert Collyer.

The arrangements for the session were unique. There is no Unitarian church or society in Saratoga, and the spacious Town Hall was used for the meetings of the Conference, while special arrangements were made for the board of the delegates at the vast United States Hotel, at reduced rates. Here were quartered many hundreds under the same roof; but even this huge caravansary could not accommodate all, and the multitude overflowed into Congress Hall. This novel arrangement for the entertainment of the Conference proved a grand success, from a social point of view; and the delegates were so well pleased that they voted to request the Council to call the next session also to meet in Saratoga. Most of the delegates and visitors were from New England, and, indeed, might have been expected. Many of them were attended by their families. Quite a large number of them were women.

The reports of the Council and of the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, reviewing the work of the last two years, were interesting documents, but were not especially replete with tidings of achievement and progress. A more intimate fellowship with foreign Unitarians, especially those of Hungary, has been obtained. But the missionary work of the denomination, of which the American Unitarian Association is the special instrument, and to promote which the National Conference was organized, evidently lags. The contributions for missionary purposes were less last year than they have been in any previous one since the organization of the National Conference.

From the confessions of its own leading men, in the spicy debate on the financial difficulty, the great body of the denomination has but little interest in its extension. Dr. Bellows said that the laity did not care a button about it. Rev. J. B. Green, of Chelsea, thought there would be more missionary zeal if the ministers of the denomination would preach more religion. Men who were taught that God is an easy old father, and that things are going all right, any way, would not be likely to feel under much obligation to give for the diffusion of religious privileges. Rev. A. D. Mayo said that the fact was, the people did not know what object was to be promoted by their gifts. There was no need of money to promote freedom in the expression of religious opinion; every one in this country enjoys that privilege. Nor was money needed to encourage criticism of religious opinions. As for the diffusion of the peculiar religious tenets of the denomination, most of those asked to contribute did not know what those tenets were. He would have missionary zeal stimulated by doctrinal teaching and preaching. We doubt whether his remedy would work a cure. The specific doctrines of Unitarianism do not promote a conscious and intense personal religious experience. It is those who have felt themselves to be lost, and who know that they are saved, who are zealous to send the saving truth to others. The speech of the Rev. Mr. Green, to which we have al-

ready alluded, affords a happy illustration of this point. He accounted for his missionary spirit by declaring that Unitarianism had saved him from the horrors of atheistic materialism. If Unitarianism were especially distinguished by this kind of achievement, its Association would not ask for a hundred thousand dollars a year, and be rewarded with less than forty thousand, as was the case last year. But the great mission of Unitarianism is to deliver from Orthodoxy, and that is not a great salvation.

The more evangelical element of the denomination was evidently decidedly in the preponderance in the Conference. A resolution of sympathy with the Free Religious Association was tabled by an overwhelming majority, on the motion of ex-Governor Padelford, of Rhode Island, who said he deemed it an insult to the Conference that such a resolution should have been introduced, although it was shrewdly supported by the arguments of such men as James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale and Charles G. Ames. The committee on amendments to the constitution unanimously recommended that it be expedient to drop the preamble, in which Jesus Christ is recognized as Lord; and this report was adopted without dissent, while signs of especial satisfaction with it were manifested by many.

With two or three features of the Conference were especially pleased. It was a demonstrative body, nearly as exuberant as a Methodist Conference is, though the responses were cheers instead of amens. The off-hand speaking was exceptionally good, and the speeches were brief and to the point. But what a menagerie of opinions! The devotional meetings, held at nine o'clock each morning, were very fully attended. When we saw how large a proportion of the members of the Conference were present at these prayer-meetings, we determined on the spot that one Methodist minister would bemoan far more regular attendance at similar meetings at Methodist Conferences than he has sometimes done. He eased his conscience very slightly by the reflection that most of his clerical acquaintances might also have been pricked by conviction, had they been present. Candor compels also the statement that these meetings were really devotional. The prayers revealed no flavor of heterodoxy. The speakers, with one or two exceptions, emphasized the essential importance and the preciousness of a sense of Christ's love in the heart. Of the relation of personal religious experience there was little. Once or twice we heard allusions to a happy time, in which the speaker was emancipated from the fetters of the faith of his fathers; but no one named a time in which the shackles of a wire were struck from his soul, and he was brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Of sincere and fervent exhortation there was a goodly quantity, and it was evidently Christian as well as religious. For one, we have only love and sympathy for those who take, as their Master, a Saviour whose divinity they only partially apprehend, and stake with entire consecration their all upon Him, while they are yet unacquainted with His omnipotent strength. This seemed to be the attitude of most of those whom we heard in these prayer-meetings. They are a rebuke to many who intellectually apprehend the real deity of Christ, and yet do not love and follow Him. They crown Him in their hearts; and this is better homage than the most orthodox views as to the dignity of His person, when the tribute of the affections is withheld. But how gloriously would their personal experience be exalted and transfigured, if in both mind and heart they crowned Him as the Infinite God!

We would like to quote and commend the action of the Conference with reference to the making of provision for the care of released criminals, but our limits forbid. Its action on the temperance question was good, so far as it went. But Unitarianism is not a leader in this reform.

We desire only to add, that our close observation of this Conference has confirmed us in the opinion previously entertained, that the Unitarian organization is a combination of very heterogeneous and dissimilar elements, which are by no means affinities for one another; and that the denominational leaders will need constant tact and vigilance to keep them long in their artificial and unnatural relationship. Religion is certainly a very different thing to such men as Rufus Ellis, from what it is to a man who, as a missionary of the denomination, pleads for the passage of a resolution of sympathy for the Free Religious Association, on the ground that it will bring the free-thinkers, spiritualists and materialists of his community into his Church. But not the latter the more logical product of Unitarianism, of the two?

J. E. C. SAWYER.

Rev. E. Davies, of whom we only hear the best accounts in his various fields of labor, makes a very good record in the review of his services as an Evangelist. During the last year he conducted sixteen protracted meetings, preached over three hundred sermons, and witnessed in his labors the profession of conversion on the part of nearly a thousand persons. His time is always occupied by the calls of the Churches for his aid. Brother Davies is a single-hearted man, full of fervor, with excellent common sense, able to endure an amazing amount of ministerial labor, and, perhaps, most useful to the Church in the eccentric field to which he esteems himself providentially called. He has the best wishes and prayers of his brethren for his success. His little books upon the marrow of the Gospel are being widely scattered, and are doing an excellent service in the great field.

Editorial Paragraphs.

In the Castle of San Telmo, in Seville, Spain, which became the residence of the Duke de Montpensier, one of the younger sons of Louis Philippe of France, after he married Maria Louisa Fernanda de Bourbon, sister of Isabella, now the ex-patriated Queen of Spain, were collected very valuable and famous art treasures. The Duke, fearing that these might be rifled, or the palace destroyed during the civil struggles incident to the unsettled character of the government since the establishment of the Republic, had some of the most valuable of the pictures boxed, and sent to Gibraltar, to be forwarded to England, where provision had been made for them in a public gallery. Some delay having occurred, through the preoccupation of the Duke with the duties of his position, the pictures were not sent to the gallery, but remained in their boxes at Gibraltar. Hearing of this, a cultivated citizen of Boston, then in Europe, proposed to the Duke that the pictures should be loaned, for a limited period, satisfactory securities being given for their care and preservation, to the Art Society of our city. The announcement that the Duke had generously consented to this request awakened great interest among the lovers and patrons of art throughout the country. The characteristic and appreciative letter of the late Mr. Sumner will be well remembered. The great paintings, fifty-five of them, are now here, and upon exhibition in the upper galleries of the Athenaeum.

The appreciation of paintings grows out of a cultivated taste. To one that has not studied the different schools of art, and learned how to discover the traces of a master's hand, the first view of the chief one, and very glory of this collection—the Virgin of Murillo, estimated in commercial value at one hundred thousand dollars—will be disappointing. The marvelous old painting, however, will grow upon the eye, and a person the longer he studies it. The enthusiasm with which the cultivated trustees of the Museum discourse upon the particular features of this Spanish Madonna, "the Virgin of the Swathing," as it is called, will be likely soon to possess him, and new revelations be made to him of the power of the ancient masters to represent the highest spiritual ideas in their pictures. The most striking paintings are the four immense pictures by Francesco de Zurbaran—the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Magi, "The Three Kings of Orient," and the Circumcision. Zurbaran painted in the first half of the seventeenth century, and died a little more than two hundred years ago. These magnificent paintings will attract and hold the attention and interested study of even a novice. The other paintings are by renowned artists, such as Salvador Rosa, Velasquez, Herrera (father and son), Morales, Joseph de Ribera, Francisco de la Pomba, and others. It is the rare opportunity of a lifetime to carefully examine these magnificent works, and well worthy of a visit to the city to enjoy the privilege. In addition to these noble treasures of art, the visitor is permitted to examine the additional collections of the Society, or loans made to their custody—such as the sublime cartoon of the Era of the Reformation by Baron Wilhelm von Kaulbach, of itself, alone, an adequate compensation for the expense of visiting the Art Museum—Egyptian and Grecian memorials, elegant porcelains, vases and Russian varieties offer a wide field for hours of pleasant examination.

If we were asked by a young minister, by a Sunday-school teacher, or by the intelligent head of a family, which of the numerous Lives of Jesus Christ that have been issued of late from the press would be the most serviceable to him, we should answer, without hesitation, *Farrar's*. Before receiving the copy which occasioned this notice, from the American publishers, Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York, we had purchased the two fine octavo volumes printed from the English plates for our own library. It was first issued during the middle of last May, and already the seventh edition of the work has been published in England. Dr. Frederick W. Farrar was a Fellow of Trinity College, Master of Marlborough College, and one of the Queen's Chaplains. He has had the reputation of being a superior classical and Biblical scholar. Being sought by the English publisher, from his acknowledged capacity as a student and writer, to enter upon all his other accomplishments, and preparatory to his studies, he spent his early years for the last half century collected, but arranged a visit to the Holy Land, and personally inspected all the localities associated with the life and labors of Christ upon the earth.

The charm of a remarkably pure and rich, without being overladen style, is added to all his other accomplishments, and his preparation of the work has been a labor of love. What Conybeare and Howson have accomplished, in their admirable *Life and Times of St. Paul*, setting in order all the Scriptural and collateral incidents, making one progressive and intensely interesting life, embodying his inspired letters and the facts of St. Luke's biography in the book of Acts, Dr. Farrar has done in his *Life of Christ*. Arriving himself of all related learning, but gathering his generous references to it in extended foot-notes, he records in a flowing and unbroken history all the events of the Saviour's life, placed in their chronological order as nearly as the best criticism of the sacred text can fully and admirably discuss in these valuable notes at the bottom of the page.

The charm of Dr. Farrar's book is the absolute faith which he in the Sacred Record, and the positive confidence and perfect assurance with which he recounts the marvelous incidents in the divine Master's human career. It is not a defense of Christ, or of the Gospel histories, although incidentally he brings out the strong foundations upon which the records of early Christianity rest, but the volume is the loving recital of a believing disciple, told with charming sincerity and consciousness of truth, enriched with every collateral illustration which history and the events upon the story of the well-attested truth in the life of Jesus Christ.

It is an admirable work to read in the family, or to make the text book for study in the pastor's Bible class. The volumes are for sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

In the forthcoming number of the *Quarterly* Dr. Whedon will leave no doubt upon the minds of any reader as to his estimation of the modern doctrine, that sanctification is in any form. He does not accept the difference of interpretation of the work of grace in the heart from that put forth by Dr. Crane, in his book upon holiness, and will defend with great vigor what may be styled, to distinguish it, the "repressive theory," as both Scriptural and Wesleyan. He does not stop here, however, but carries the war into Africa," by affirming that modern movements in the interest of the doctrine are the resuscitation of the views of George Bell, "one of Mr. Wesley's most pious ministers," who, "supposing that nobody can be too holy, caught the notion that no theory and profession of holiness could

be too high," but whose "high enthusiasm" Mr. Wesley called "fanaticism," and against whose views, esteemed by him very pernicious, Mr. Wesley wrote a severe tract. Dr. Whedon views a fearful battle-axe, and if any unfortunate human head happens to be interposed between his weapon and what he esteems a false doctrine, woe be to that head! The article is very ably written, and involves a vital doctrine of Christianity—one especially dear to the Methodist Church—at one at this time commanding a larger discussion than ever before, and one in which other evangelical Churches have become almost equally interested in its consideration with our own. The very severe personal application of some portions of the paper will prevent many readers from giving the article the attention it merits. The position of the learned editor. The "heroic" practice has largely gone out of use in ecclesiastical as well as medical practice. Blood-letting is found to be rarely of service! The paper will be noticed at length hereafter.

The Isaac Seminary, at Auburn, under Principal C. C. Braden, opened successfully last Thursday. Thirty-eight young ladies, more than twice the number of the last year, entered the classes of the institution. It gave a fine opportunity to exhibit their enterprise, as more pupils appeared than had been previously announced or expected. Adequate provision, however, was at once made for all, without delay. In the evening a brilliant company from the beautiful halls of the seminary. The trustees gave a fine reception, with a generous entertainment, to the new Faculty and assembled students, to which they invited the parents and friends of the institution. It was a delightful social occasion. The tables were loaded with the good things of the season, and ornamented with flowers. The speaking was happily limited to the most appropriate and short, and quite appropriate to the hour. Owing to the great regretted sickness of the President of the Board, J. H. Chadwick, esq., Edward F. Porter, esq., of the executive committee, presided, and made an excellent opening address. Rev. Mr. Cutler, of the Congregational Church of Auburn, D.D., was the guest of honor, and delivered a most impressive address, with short addresses of congratulation and welcome. The response of Principal Braden was a model of its kind. Short, simple, honest and earnest, right to the point, winning at once the hearts of all present, his few words awakened the conviction in all minds that the providential man had found his place. Young ladies from the Mississippi and from the Penobscot have already gathered in the classes of the institution. We suppose rooms can yet be provided for a few more. Parents and guardians are cordially invited to call and examine the seminary in its every-day garb, and to note the real work it is doing for its pupils.

Mrs. Nancy Atkinson, just deceased, was another of the memorable old saints of North Bennett Street Church. She was a fond lover of the ancient sites of Methodism, as well as of her doctrines, discipline and ministers. She is not, for God has taken her; but, resting from her labors, her works do follow her. She has wisely arranged in her will that her little fortune shall be employed in the purchase of a house for the use of the church. These are her public bequests:—

To the Hanover Street Methodist Episcopal Church of Boston (of which said Church Jarvis A. Ames is now pastor), \$1,000; to the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, \$500; to the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church, incorporated by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, \$500; to the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of said Boston, \$500. After all the foregoing legacies and bequests shall have been paid, one half of the remaining balance of her estate is to go to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church; the other one half of said remainder to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Some other minor legacies follow.

Mount Vernon Church, Ashburton Place, was well filled last Thursday evening, on the occasion of the ordination of Joseph Neo Sima, a native of Japan, for the Christian ministry. Neo Sima, when a boy, came to America, and was educated in the United States. He was a member of the Christian Church, and was employed by the Japanese government as a secretary and translator. From his hands alone the Japanese government received the information on which their system of education is based.

The venerable Dr. Anderson offered the prayer. Dr. Anderson, Dr. J. L. Taylor, of Andover, offered the ordaining prayer. Rev. E. Flint gave the Right Hand of Fellowship, and Dr. Clark, of the American Board, delivered the charge. It was an interesting and very significant and hopeful service.

Last week Rev. Joseph Smith, now of Topeka, Kan., was very suddenly taken from the world. Brother Smith was formerly a member of the Maine Conference; but has been for many years a local preacher, well known and highly respected in his vicinity. He presented his credentials to the Church in Charlestown when he was pastor, thirty years ago. One son is a member of the New Hampshire Conference; a daughter is the wife of Rev. W. S. Sturges, of Brooklyn. He leaves a widow and four children to lament his abrupt departure and to cherish his memory. He fell some two years since, and was severely injured. His death is considered to have been occasioned by this fall. He was between sixty and seventy years of age. Brother Smith was a good man, of capable temper, a pure life, universally respected, an exemplary Christian, an acceptable preacher, and the centre of an affectionate family circle. He rests from his labor, and has reached the better shore.

In the very large institution in New York, with which we were connected for ten years, where nearly a thousand young persons were gathered, and where a few might be terribly fatal to human life, not only were provisions placed in every portion and story of the immense building for the immediate pouring of water upon the first appearance of fire, but all the officers of the institution were thoroughly organized and instructed as to their several duties in the event of such a calamity. In addition to this, the whole arrangement was printed in conspicuous letters upon great posters, and placed in every part of the institution, so that any officer could see, in a moment, just

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, October 11.

Lesson II. Mark ix. 17-20.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

THE EVIL SPIRIT CAST OUT.

Teacher. 17 And one of the multitude answered and said, Master, I have brought unto thee my son, which hath a dumb spirit; School. 18 And whosoever he taketh him, he teareth him; and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and smiteth away; and I speak to thy disciples that they should cast him out; and they could not.

L. 19 He answered him, and said, O faithless generation! how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you? bring him unto me.

S. 20 And they brought him unto him; and when he saw him, straightway the spirit tare him; and he fell on the ground, and wallowed foaming.

L. 21 And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child;

S. 22 And oft-times it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him; but if thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us, and help us.

L. 23 Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.

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S. 27 But Jesus took him by the hand, and lifted him up; and he arose.

L. 28 And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out?

S. 29 And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting.

This miracle took place the day after the transfiguration of Jesus. From that scene of glory our Saviour and His three favored disciples passed down the mountain's side, to meet afresh the world's woe. As they drew near the lowly plain they saw a crowd, and heard the tones of excited disputation. As they approached the throng a shout of recognition greeted Jesus, and the multitude surged toward Him as a new and mightier centre of attraction. Christ immediately asked the occasion of the controversy, when a man, breaking through the crowd, threw himself at His feet, and made known the matter in dispute, namely, the inability of His disciples to battle successfully with a devil. Doubtless their failure had led the Scribes to assert with scorn a like inability in their absent Master, which they had indignantly resented, and hence the high discussion. Our lesson teaches us that when Jesus came it was like an infinite re-entrance on a field of battle.

Master, I have brought unto thee. The father declares his original purpose. Hearing that Christ was in the neighborhood, he had brought his son, his only child, to Him to be healed. He had met the disciples, whom Jesus had left behind, who informed him of the absence of their Master, and had made an attempt to cast out the demon themselves, but had failed. When Christ appeared, the anxious father turned to Him whom he had sought at first, and at once made known his mission.

A dumb spirit—a spirit that produced dumbness in the child by destroying the power of speech. He was not content with this permanent disability. Like all devils, he was actively malicious. Mark gives a graphic and affecting picture of the diabolical fruits of this demonic possession, to which the Evangelists have added vivid touches. At times, we are told, the evil spirit seized his body, and shook it with hellish rage, casting it into fire, or water, frequently hurling it on the ground, tearing its organs, and causing it to writhe with contortions horrible to behold. These experiences were accompanied with a fearful waste of vitality, leaving the victim emaciated and weak. A sad picture this of a satanic possession, but eminently suggestive of the ultimate effects of sin in the soul, as set forth by Christ in that dreadful assertion, that the sinner should exist amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, a portraiture surpassing in its terribleness the graphic description of Mark's masterly pen. The symptoms described are not unlike those of epileptic fits. Indeed, the root of the Greek verb used to describe the disorder, is the same as that from which we compound the medical terms "epileptic" and "cataleptic." A skeptic, doubtless, would assert that this was no more than a natural disease; and to this we should interpose no objection, had not Christ declared it to be a demoniacal possession. A shrewd demon would be likely to imitate the symptoms of disease, that he might the more readily deceive men. Satan would naturally bait his hook with such plausible manifestations, so as to catch the soul of the skeptic. The scornful laugh of the rationalist at the credulity of saints is but an echo of the derisive shouts of devils over his own gullibility.

O, faithless generation—O, generation devoid of faith. Unbelief, amounting to perversity, is the charge Jesus makes against this generation. This unbelief is a burden He can hardly endure. These outbursts of censure are aimed at no special class; they embrace all the people of His age; it is the prevailing characteristic of the period. He closes them with the emphatic challenge to test His power, in the words, "Bring him hither to me."

The spirit tare him. Good and evil never meet without a disturbance. Heaven and hell, mingled together,

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L. 28 And when he was come into the house, his disciples asked him privately, Why could not we cast him out?

S. 29 And he said unto them, This kind can come forth by nothing, but by prayer and fasting.

This miracle took place the day after the transfiguration of Jesus. From that scene of glory our Saviour and His three favored disciples passed down the mountain's side, to meet afresh the world's woe. As they drew near the lowly plain they saw a crowd, and heard the tones of excited disputation. As they approached the throng a shout of recognition greeted Jesus, and the multitude surged toward Him as a new and mightier centre of attraction. Christ immediately asked the occasion of the controversy, when a man, breaking through the crowd, threw himself at His feet, and made known the matter in dispute, namely, the inability of His disciples to battle successfully with a devil. Doubtless their failure had led the Scribes to assert with scorn a like inability in their absent Master, which they had indignantly resented, and hence the high discussion. Our lesson teaches us that when Jesus came it was like an infinite re-entrance on a field of battle.

Master, I have brought unto thee. The father declares his original purpose. Hearing that Christ was in the neighborhood, he had brought his son, his only child, to Him to be healed. He had met the disciples, whom Jesus had left behind, who informed him of the absence of their Master, and had made an attempt to cast out the demon themselves, but had failed. When Christ appeared, the anxious father turned to Him whom he had sought at first, and at once made known his mission.

A dumb spirit—a spirit that produced dumbness in the child by destroying the power of speech. He was not content with this permanent disability. Like all devils, he was actively malicious. Mark gives a graphic and affecting picture of the diabolical fruits of this demonic possession, to which the Evangelists have added vivid touches. At times, we are told, the evil spirit seized his body, and shook it with hellish rage, casting it into fire, or water, frequently hurling it on the ground, tearing its organs, and causing it to writhe with contortions horrible to behold. These experiences were accompanied with a fearful waste of vitality, leaving the victim emaciated and weak. A sad picture this of a satanic possession, but eminently suggestive of the ultimate effects of sin in the soul, as set forth by Christ in that dreadful assertion, that the sinner should exist amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, a portraiture surpassing in its terribleness the graphic description of Mark's masterly pen. The symptoms described are not unlike those of epileptic fits. Indeed, the root of the Greek verb used to describe the disorder, is the same as that from which we compound the medical terms "epileptic" and "cataleptic." A skeptic, doubtless, would assert that this was no more than a natural disease; and to this we should interpose no objection, had not Christ declared it to be a demoniacal possession. A shrewd demon would be likely to imitate the symptoms of disease, that he might the more readily deceive men. Satan would naturally bait his hook with such plausible manifestations, so as to catch the soul of the skeptic. The scornful laugh of the rationalist at the credulity of saints is but an echo of the derisive shouts of devils over his own gullibility.

O, faithless generation—O, generation devoid of faith. Unbelief, amounting to perversity, is the charge Jesus makes against this generation. This unbelief is a burden He can hardly endure. These outbursts of censure are aimed at no special class; they embrace all the people of His age; it is the prevailing characteristic of the period. He closes them with the emphatic challenge to test His power, in the words, "Bring him hither to me."

The spirit tare him. Good and evil never meet without a disturbance. Heaven and hell, mingled together,

would make the universe boil over with antagonisms. Separate localities for saints and sinners is the only condition of keeping the peace. Satan will never cease to growl at God until he becomes holy, which is equivalent to saying that the conflict is eternal. The simple presence of Christ sets this evil spirit on fire with the malice of the damned. Conscious of his impotence to harm Jesus, he vents his spite on the lad. The symptoms are still similar to epileptic fits, but the cause deeper than bodily disorder. Doubtless the child's nervous system was exceedingly diseased, but the inflammation was the direct product of satanic possession.

And he asked. This question was not so much for information as to promote expectation, hope, and faith in the father.

But if thou canst do anything. This request discloses the father's imperfect faith, the only obstacle to the cure. That if was out of place in His vocabulary. Why should it be there? Of course He could do it. He who had given existence to them all could easily separate demon and demoniac.

If thou canst believe. The word believe is wanting in some manuscripts, but the sense is not changed if it is left out. This saying of Jesus brings on the crucial hour. He plainly says the work depends on faith, not on power. The difficulty is not in Jesus, but in the man. If the creature does not fail in the condition, the work will go on to a glorious consummation.

The all things here spoken of include only such as are in harmony with God's will, and give no encouragement to the foolish whims and vain imaginings of a presumptuous faith. God gives faith by giving evidence in promise, or in rational disclosures to the soul by the Holy Spirit. This is a case of vicarious faith. The belief of the father is substituted for that of the child, a relation analogous to that assumed by the parent in infant baptism. Vicarious faith is a truth no less precious than vicarious atonement. Both are blessed facts in the divine economy.

Lord, I believe. These words deserve to be printed in letters of gold. They have fallen from the lips of thousands of weeping penitents, and have never been uttered in vain. They are the language of one who trusts, and yet is deeply conscious of the deficiency of his faith. His prayer is no longer for his child, but for himself. He forgets the miracle of healing in the deeper desire for that faith that makes the miracle a possibility. So all our prayers for pardon eventually end in a cry for its antecedent, faith. Faith is the final condition of victory, inasmuch as it is the currency that purchases all essential good, the gold and silver of the soul, the medium of exchange in the moral world.

The words, with tears, are not found in the oldest manuscripts, and, though graphic and probably true to fact, ought not to be accredited to the pen of Mark.

He rebuked the foul spirit—censured him for his presence and conduct. The word translated "foul," is usually translated "unclean." It means morally defiled, and as such is applied to fallen angels. Having condemned his character and presumption, He bade him depart and return no more.

And the spirit cried—howled with rage. His malignant nature prompted him to leave the lad as near a wreck as possible, just as defeated armies sink, burn, and destroy what they cannot hold. The child lay prostrate at the feet of Jesus in extreme exhaustion. The devil had gone, but the direful effects of his presence were left behind. The justly are cursed with the moral debility of departed sinfulness. But Jesus gave the child a second blessing, as gracious as the first. He filled what He had emptied. He expelled evil and imparted good. He took the hand of the boy, and sent the currents of health flowing through the diseased functions. The boy was made every whit whole.

The disciples seized the first opportunity to ask why they had failed. Christ replied, "because of your unbelief" (Matthew xvii. 20). But why had they not believed? The answer is equally emphatic, they had neglected that spiritual discipline that nourished faith and gave vitality to moral forces, namely, prayer and fasting. Besides, the language used indicates degrees of wickedness that tax the power of faith. This may have been a "prince of devils." Be this as it may, we are taught that faith can be invigorated by a special course of spiritual discipline, and since great conflicts require great preparation, how devotedly should the Christian, who daily fights the world, the flesh and the devil, strive to become a moral athlete through the regimen so clearly designated.

And he asked his father, How long is it ago since this came unto him? And he said, Of a child;

S. 22 And oft-times it hath cast him into the fire, and into the waters, to destroy him; but if thou canst do any thing, have compassion on us, and help us.

13 Could the man increase his faith? 14 What evidence is necessary to faith? 15 What did Christ mean by "all things?" 16 Does one person's faith avail for another? 17 What did the man pray for? 18 What relation had faith to the boy's healing? 19 What did Christ do to the evil spirit? 20 How did the evil spirit conduct himself? 21 How was the child left? 22 What did Jesus do to the boy? 23 Why did not the disciples cast him out? 24 Do evil spirits possess men now?

THE FAMILY.

YES; I WOULD LIVE ALWAY.

BY EDWARD A. LEWIS.

"What! die and sink into naught? Shall death bring me only naught? No; let me live, I would to know the great goodness of my God, to all His creatures."—Bishop Kewenaw.

Yes, I would live alway. What! sink into naught? This conscious existence, so wondrously wrought? Shall nothing be left, after death and decay, but this poor, dull body, to moulder away? No; let me live on with eternity's roll. Shall leave not a trace on the youth of my soul? Till the story of Earth and Time overcast. Shall seem but a flash in the clouds of the past.

Let Brahma still yearn for penitency's bliss, And the skeptic refuse a life beyond this; But, leaving to God what the future may give, Let me shout through its depths, "I shall live! I shall live!"

Let me live to see God's inexhaustible love In its splendor illumine the bright city above; Let me live—and, through measureless oceans of space, Fill my soul beyond rapture with draughts of His grace.

Let me live for the music whose cadences fill Every moment celestial with ecstasy's thrill. For the rapture which angels ne'er know in their bliss, Of reclining in that world the lost loves of this.

Yet, oh, let me live, if I were only to see The face of the saviour who suffered for me— Suffered death for my life! Oh, this channel of sin, When, shall that life in His mansions begin?

A DAY'S RECORD.

BY MAUD L. STANTON.

June 14, 18— I am ashamed to write the record of the morning, for it was all wrong. In the first place, I was late at breakfast. I sat up until twelve o'clock last evening, reading a very interesting book. I knew that mamma would be displeased if she knew of it; but I could not leave the book until I had finished it.

As I entered the dining-room papa looked up, and said, impatiently, "you must not be late again on Sunday morning; I wish you to be present during prayer."

I replied, crossly, that I was tired, and I could not get up so early.

"Whew!" whistled Fred, placing his watch before me. "Nine o'clock; early, is it?"

I did not deign to answer him, and for a few moments he remained quiet. Suddenly he spoke, in tones intended for my ear alone—

"I am going away to-morrow, Elsie; I shall not see you again for two long months. Won't you give me one kiss before I go?"

For one moment I stared at him stupidly. Then it flashed through my brain that Fred had been reading my journal. Will Osgood had said those words to me, as we separated last Sunday evening, and I had foolishly written them in my journal, and Fred had found the book and read them. I rose quickly, and turned fiercely to him:—

"Fred Randall! you are the ugliest, the meanest boy that ever lived!" I cried, angrily. "I hate you; I wish—"

"Elsie," said my father, sternly, interrupting my wild, incoherent words, "are those fit words for a Christian to use on this beautiful Sabbath morning?"

"I don't care," I answered, losing all self-control. "What right had he to read my journal?" And, bursting into tears, I hastened to my own room. Throwing myself on the bed, I wept and sobbed until I could weep no more. Opening the window, I gazed listlessly out. It was a lovely morning, and the waters of the lake, visible from my window, were calm and unruffled, and all nature seemed in harmony with the quiet Sabbath day.

"Elsie!" called mamma's gentle voice.

"What?" I answered, crossly.

"Unfasten the door; I wish to come in."

I rose and opened the door.

"I am afraid you will not be ready in time, if you have not yet begun to dress," she said.

"I'm not going," I sobbed hysterically. "I've cried until I'm not fit to be seen. I can't go."

Mamma did not urge me. She simply said, placing her hand affectionately on mine, "I was grieved this morning, Elsie. I am afraid my daughter has forgotten who said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'"

No; I had not forgotten. I supposed there were a few faithful Christians for whom it was sufficient; but I had not proved it true. A year since I had given my heart to God, and promised to be His loving, obedient child. And how had I kept my promise? I had taken for my motto, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," and had worked it in scarlet and gold. Papa had it framed,

and together mamma and I hung it in my room, so that I might read it daily. But of what profit had it been? For a short time I struggled bravely against the bitter, angry words that often rose to my lips, and I would turn away and seek my own room, and there kneel and ask God to help and strengthen me. Then I grew careless, and ere I was aware I had spoken bitter words of anger. Thus it was always. I had made many resolutions, and broken them all. Of what use would it be to try again?

But I could mourn no longer. I must dress for church in the afternoon, for if I did not go papa would be seriously displeased.

I had taken my seat in the choir, and laughingly remarked to Bessie Mann, that "old Smith's new coat fitted him about as well as an elephant's skin would a monkey," when I carelessly glanced at the pulpit. My heart seemed to stop beating; it was communion-day. I had forgotten it. How, O how could I stay, when I had been so angry on his holy day?—so unlike the dear Saviour? And I cast my eyes longingly to the door. But no; the choir were rising. I must rise with them. If I joined with them in singing, I have no recollection of it now.

Ere the sermon closed I had determined not to stay, and when the congregation were dismissed I went with them. At the door I turned and looked back—I know not why—and met mamma's surprised look. She noticed my hesitation, and came to me.

"Elsie," she said gently, "you were not going home?"

"Yes," I answered crossly, trying to avoid her reproachful glance.

